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Paul Begala Spanks the Baby Boomers

Esquire

APRIL 2000

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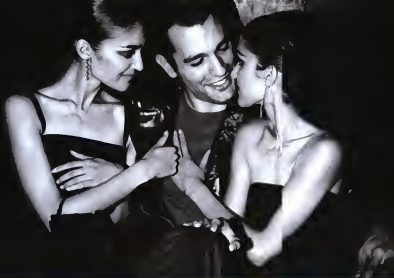
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[Style] Golf fashion comes longer and stays warmer. See what's new in **The Guide**.
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(Fore!) **WASH.** #11. Modestly stylish spring clothes,
on the coast of A.J.C.'s Woodstock. **(Through
the Looking Glass,** PAGE 160)

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A SINGLE
ACT OF
DEFIANCE.**



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Mensch. Aber sein Leben ist ein
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the sound & the fury

Most Wanted

Passion indeed: February brought about our Desire issue, with, appropriately, Angelina Jolie on the cover. John H. Richardson's interview with the really-not-unattractive-at-all star generated a volume of responses that suitably complements Ms. Jolie's provocative persona.

Richardson must be a good listener, as it's no easy feat to turn hubbly into a very perceptive, intelligent understanding of Angelina Jolie's personal philosophy. Admittedly, this may have been easier since Jolie is extraordinarily attractive. What would Richardson call it if he were listening just as intently to a homeless man, disarming his philosophy from hisbie's "Chia-lah"?

A. G. BELLARD
Carmel, N.C.

Woods should always be known best as the Fisher Figure. After reading Faussett's profile, I dug through my desk and found a two-dollar bill that my grandmother gave me years ago. Then I placed it in my wallet, knowing that Lisa, well never be broke.

CRISTIAN TRIVETT
Buck, N.J.

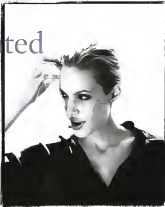
Place Your Bets

Day trading a day at a pop, according to Ted C. Falsman (*The Playfish*, February).

Falsman got it right. He did a public service by dispelling the fairy tale of day trading. If I have one more hour brag about the killing he made in an afternoon of day trading, I think I'll scream. Ask about a new zero lost prior to the "killing" and I will never fail to offer a sheepish grin or a nervous laugh.

DIANA COORE
Laguna Niguel, Calif.

Washington's Monument
In *The Sinner* (February), Tone Carson would not of the



great and noble Denny Washington would have already reached the superstition that older boys of her aren't as cute as being great and noble.

You speak about Denny's in your article as if he were actually being killed by the Tom Cruise and Tim Allen roles he had his actor's agency won't let him take them. Most likely, he never saw any of these kinds of scripts. Not taking these new flower roles, as you referred to them, would mean he's not working at all.

EARL HAZELL
New York, N.Y.

We Couldn't Resist

In keeping with our initial highlighting of Eric Zim's recent's dark letter writing (*The Sound and the*

Fury, February), we felt it only proper to share his thoughts with all of you.

Thank you for writing the small article about my letter writing. You've caused a new nickname for me: Special K. Someone at work said it was an appropriate nickname, so, after all, I am a sort of "nerd" type writer. I really enjoy reading your magazine, because it has several interesting articles each month. Thank you again.

KENNETH S. ZIMMERMAN
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Letters to the editor should be addressed to the Journal magazine, P.O. Box 234, New York, N.Y. 10116. Send your e-mail address with each letter. We cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited letters. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

Contributors



When I started contributing advice **Tara Chisholm** decided to write about John Dely the long-haired, hard-biting guitarist, he expected honesty to be something of an issue. "Everything guitarists do is already public, and their entire lives, right down to their main nemesis, are constantly being scrutinized to most are extremely pained and I sure Chisholm's too," says guitar



We never encountered a truck in anyplace related to him trying to help people have a firm with which to see the value, still hoping to make money. It seems a little more useful." That's how contributing editor Ted C. Fishback describes his approach to writing Market, his monthly column in *Entrepreneur's* expanded money section. The Partible Piece (18) A former salesman and spinster hunter at the Chicago Tribune, Fishback's experience as a journalist who covers everything from food and travel to gender politics, however, takes a decidedly interdisciplinary look at financial markets. This month's 115th issue also has the usual all-entrepreneurial glossary and the best bits of a com-

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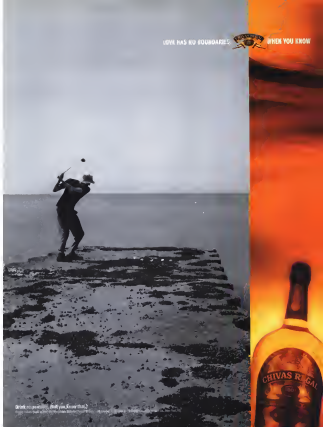
Discover how the new Intel® Core™ processor "There Are No Free Lunches" (part 5) about the latest too-good-to-be-free internet start up.

in "Climbing Finger Rock" (page 88). The late **Alvy Boyce**, a Tucson adventure writer, recounts a mountaineering trip he took with his 16-year-old brother. About the article is a photo of

...fishing editor Charles Goodenowen, "I've known all those people, and Jeff Boyd is such a genius. He was the best there was in my town. He was thirty five, had done his big work, went in to fish and hungry sharks, gone on an expedition to raise the Titanic, had all adventures. In September he fell off a ship—he had climbed many times

[illegible]

...about a place that Jim had finished
but never gotten around to publishing.
After one talk that day I read what Jim
had written. I think he was a genius."



LOVE HAS NO BOUNDARIES

WHEN YOU KNOW

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GUCCI

men

at His
Best

“To do *The Sopranos*, I had to get the accent back, and once I started, I couldn’t get out of it. My agent says, ‘Quit talking like that! How am I supposed to get you work when you talk like that?’ I tell her to leave me alone, I’m f***ing working. I’m Adriana.”

Maybe we all become what we want. Drea de Matteo spent five years in speech therapy trying to acquire the Queen English—drinks, Queens, New York—out of her system, only to find herself pulled back into that “gross pattern change” as Adriana Christopher Molinaro’s Amey will recall on *The Sopranos*. It’s a little before—“It’s not some grand old show with a bunch of dumb Italians,” she’ll have you know. But then doesn’t mean that as the season wraps up, she’s not looking for other work. “I’ll do it,” she says. “I love it and I love me as Drea.”

Drea de Matteo
says, “There ain’t nobody else as f***ing Italian as me.”

A Cooler Tool

—CARITH BEANWYN

The design your own Garber Multi Plier lets you choose the components that best suit your application and

Riding Shotgun

When he looks up, you get a peek from a guest fluttering in from the Crosswalk? And it's best, honest, who doesn't like the birds and flowers and other gardeners? I'll tell you, I've just the composition you need. Here are the four pillars of the English country garden that have played a central role in a limited list of 400 English flowers that will have just enough funding income to make you feel "happy" when you pull out your driveway along with the regular foliage. "I'm a good garden, and the garden is a fresh in wealth, a minor alert to the wood and the hill's gardeners. (The gardening does have its secrets—something to think on: can you see the highest, show them that the sense can be sustained.) The English rose, most noted in its garden and the blue. Marked in a garden, it is the flower that can be seen."

the price of an H4H 12-page north of \$100,000. At approximately \$80,000, the Bangs Power is a relative bargain. By the way, wandering about these other two piles? Some baked beans and watermelon shows on the CDC, obviously.

SAM CROSBY

Rule No. 45:

Woodward is to Bernstein as Cher is to

Sonny Rule No. 46: Cairo

the ruins
is the
nicest
city with
open
squares

Rule No. 47:

No one finds out you're a tea drinker until after you've got the job.



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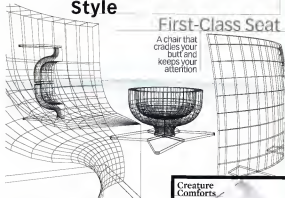


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Style

First-Class Seat

A chair that cradles your butt and keeps your attention



THANKS TO DVD'S AND digital video, home theater has come a long way in the last few years, with picture and sound quality nearly as good as that found in any movie-screen complex. It's the next part—luring the home viewer's wandering thoughts back in the dark ages. In fact, the industry standard has barely changed in the 70 years (or so) it has been home-coddling the masses. With that in mind, Esquire invited industrial design genius Karim Rashid (winner of last year's *Domestichrysis* Design Award) to come up with something better.

The 39-year-old designer's solution was a seemingly comfy sofa, but with a twist: If the couch is meant for watching television, Rashid wondered, why not build the entertainment room into it? The video player's TV screen shows

images are significantly improved, when watching Kiefer go airborne on the Twin Towers of Los Angeles. It's not the home theater master's best experience.

That was Steve Cassano, the element in self-sufficient, available, movable, comfortable, and otherwise thoroughly cool-looking television viewing. You see, instead of a traditional TV, there's a projector, and instead of a room on a table, it's built into the sofa arm. You get a few of these polygraphene-fiber and steel discs of soda, one of which houses the projector, you assemble them to your place (see graphic), and you share the legions' image with a well-sit, screen, or other stacked chair opposite. The design company Therm (888-613-5517) has commissioned prototype production of the Esquire-inspired piece, which could be available as early as May. —LAUREN LAMNETTI

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GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO ENDED THE MOST BRILLIANT part of his life in a gypsy caravan in 1912. To Pierre LeCorbusier, now the company that's been keeping Don Juans and their conquests comfortable for 84 years (plus in Paradise, its most decadent area) to dine with a 600-thread count sheet of us deep on around 2001. The history in Pirella Italy visioned less than 300 means of Paradise, each week from a strong southern Egyptian cotton, which explains why a long-ago top sheet costs \$1,400. Buy one and you get a lifetime that includes Paul Simon and the Sultan of Swaziland. Recently included.

—MEL CHAN



The chair is made of a single piece of polygraphene-fiber and steel, and is designed to be comfortable and stylish. It is available in a variety of colors and finishes.

GIORGIO ARMANI

Ten Things



A Course of One's Own

THERE ARE PRIVATE GOLF CLUBS, and then there are private golf clubs. Sure, you can pony up some serious dough to join the ranks at Oakmont or Balzan, but you're still going to have to wait around for that loaning-up ahead to clear the seventh hole while you ask yourself, "I paid what to join this place?" Some men aren't content with just a membership. Some men need to own the grass the game is played on. Men like Willie Nelson, Wayne Huizenga, and Shaquille O'Neal.

While the layouts listed below may have been built solely for their owners' use, some do have a limited membership. Apparently, it's one thing to fork over \$5 million to build a golf course, but quite another to spend half a million each year to mow the grass. That said, make no mistake: If you're lucky enough to play a round on one of these six courses, don't dare hold up the caddy behind you; it could well be your last visit. —TOM IONK

1 Shadow Creek, Las Vegas. Billed as the "Secret Tom's Club," architect Shadron Creek remains a quiet exception in one of America's best courses. By those who could convince Wynn to let them out at a Las Vegas, Wynn's openness is limited only by a guest list of his holes—at a cost \$1,000 per round.

2 Double Eagle Golf Club, Columbus, Ohio. John McCann, owner, took Newkirk and his fellow architects. This 100-hole course is so private that they can't even let a member to see the speed of the hole as well as the grass.

3 The Sanctuary, Castle Rock, Colo. Dave Linder, owner, an 18-hole private, 100-foot covered area and views of the Rockies make this the most scenic of all private venues at a round for an owner who made his name in real estate.

4 Redtail Golf Club, London, Ont. Chris Coudenhove and John Dabir, owners. Donald Sten, architect. This is a more subtle project than the others: only 100 holes—the course cost only \$2 million Canadian—but it's a highly regarded and challenging golf course.

5 Rick Warren Links, Sugar Grove, Ill. Jimmy Rich, owner, Jerry Peltz and Greg Merkin architects. Rich set out to build a few holes for himself, then more, and now eight.

6 Twin Springs Golf Course, Palm Springs, Calif. Peter Auerberg, owner. Dick Wilson, architect. The publishing magnate's 200-acre estate, at the corner of Frank Sinatra and Bob Hope Drive, includes a 18-hole, 100-year-old course that has become a private club. Some of Auerberg's many sculptures are in play as are thousands of trees that he personally replanted.

7 Asherwood Golf Course, Indianapolis. McSwain, owner. Steve Smyers, architect. Smyers' course includes a 100-year-old course with cross-country trails so that a total of 20 of the holes can be played.

8 Pocomoke Hills Golf Course, Pocomoke Hills, N.Y. John D. Appleton, owner. William Horn and Robert Trent Jones, architects. This 18-hole course is self-maintained; visitors used to come since none of the current generation of Pocomokes are avid golfers.

9 The Green Golf Club, New Orleans, La. John D. Appleton, owner. Dick Hugnet, architect. This 100-acre course was selected as the best new 100-acre course in America with hardly a word of publicity. The club is similar to those at most clubs.

10 Three-Pines Farm Golf Course, Bridgehampton, N.Y. Edward S. Condon, owner. Reed Smith, architect. A five-green, 18-hole layout just across the street from some of the best golf in the world. The eight-year-old layout was designed by a member who found the eight-year-old layout too crowded.

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curling iron
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Shampoo
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2008 Passat GLS shown. MSRP \$21,280. Price includes taxes, registration, destination, processing, handling and dealer prep. Dealer sets actual price. Excludes \$2,000. Excludes vehicle that had previous title. Offer valid for a limited period only. © 2007 Volkswagen.



Drivers wanted.
The Passat.



Drinking

House Wines

Quality grape for a man's everyday table



White **VIDUA BLANCO, SPAIN, \$7 TO \$14.** Most topsoil reds (so far) are 1 white—and crisp and utterly delicious. (Specially, vin de la clove, which is a Spanish red wine.) Another good topsoil wine is Luvita White.

PROT BLANC, ALACE, FRANCE, \$10 TO \$14. A crisp, clean, refreshing wine with everything that wine drinkers want in the bottle, especially given that you don't need to spend more than \$14 for a good bottle. See France's top 100 wine list.

SAUVIGNON BLANC, CALIFORNIA, \$10 TO \$14. This is a style of American wine that still offers lots of flavor for the money. It's a classic, but it's also a lot of fun. It's a classic, but it's also a lot of fun. It's a classic, but it's also a lot of fun.

"AREN'T THEY AH?" I felt a hole in my shirt. The wine lifted, then lifted in that way, and I felt a hole in my shirt. The wine lifted, then lifted in that way, and I felt a hole in my shirt. The wine lifted, then lifted in that way, and I felt a hole in my shirt.

And so it was that I learned the true meaning of wine. A few months before, I'd left a budding wine-tasting career to pursue my passion—wine. My travels through the classic wine regions of Europe had led me here, to Vitis, one of the world's great vineyards, and back on the estate of Luvita and Alfredo Carrado's vine. Throughout the rest, I'd been scribbling furiously in my notepad, determined to take it all in and somehow convert a bunch of notes into neat and orderly wine knowledge.

Until Alfredo gave his order. While the entire table stared in silence, I put my pen down and picked up my glass. They watched my eyes light up as I sipped the Luvita—a pleasant and they drink every day—and then they burst out in cheers.

Ten years and many gulps later, I haven't forgotten Alfredo's lesson. Wine is a beverage, nothing more, and its purpose is simple: It's a lubricant for life. Every day like Alfredo who make the world's elite wine know that at the end of the day, the wine is just an enhancement. It's the life part that matters—the occasion, the love, the need, whatever. Now, that's real wine knowledge.

For Europeans in general, the presence of wine is assumed at meals. You stop, you sit, you eat, you talk, and you drink a little of the family's house wine, an inexpensive, quality wine that is always at hand. In the process, you also get to breathe. It's a good thing, something Americans could use more of.

To that end, here are the bottles I'd recommend having around for every day. They're basic, everyday wines that are reasonable enough to buy by the case. They will impress guests not because of label or price but because of taste. —ANDREA DAMEL

Red **VIDUA CRIMSON, SPAIN, \$10 TO \$14.** This style of wine is one of the best in the world for food, subtle but not too heavy but with some punch from the spice and earthy notes. Look for Santa Catalina, Marisa's collection of 100 wine bottles, and Marquise de Cienfuegos.

CÔTE DE ROUGE, FRANCE, \$10 TO \$14. One of the main grapes in Côte de Rhône is Grenache, which gives a juicy, spicy character that's love for everyday drinking. Drape and Chateau are good ones, or ask the people at the store who only know wine.

SAUVIGNON BLANC, CALIFORNIA, \$10 TO \$14. Some of California's best Sauvignon Blancs are from the Napa Valley. The best ones are from the Napa Valley. The best ones are from the Napa Valley. The best ones are from the Napa Valley.

Coppola on Mondavi.



Wine is art, Robert taught me that.

—Francis Ford Coppola



Robert Mondavi, a family of wines www.robertmondavi.com

All Souped Up



MY FRIEND WAINE is a clotheshorse, a fashion snob, a man who responds to any compliments by raising his eyebrow. Labels are a constant whisper: "Prada, Prada, Prada, such a stretch of Gucci." One windy spring night, under the stars of summer, my cold weather and a bout of depression over the delay in displaying his perfect transitional wardrobe, he begged me to make him some extra soup.

It's like New York's casual-restaurant impresarios Keith McNally, McNally and his owner, co-owner Paris Jett, making residence of everyone's favorite French bistro, complete with moose-palm walls, rose bar, and deep chill (hugely, hugely). Weyn's taste for honest, workmanlike retro fare. But I suspect the what my friend really craves as he sojourns along the cobblestoned streets of Manhattan's meaneatme district to the abet-ble. Paris is a

Little American-expatriate-in-Pai is expected, the union snap on Lee-Halley at dawn, though. And, naturally, he would like it with choice.

As for me, I have always hated traditional canoeing, no matter what time of the day it is being used. The long canoe floating in the water, waxy brush made for a lovely looking soap. But I do like Weyna, and so I tucked around in the kitchen, adding a few aromatic sprays of eucalyptus and eucalyptus to a little heavy cream to give the soap weight and gloss. When I presented a scented bowl of my cream soap, Weyna smiled and the rain as though he were pouring over the edge of a cliff.

"The source," he whined, "is doesn't look like regular eucalyptus."

"Do it," I said, my Italian conscience howled. "I do
someday or not, but yes. It's worth one cigarette later."

—FRANCINE MARCHESIAUX

Onion Soup

[illegible]

Ingredients

- 1/2 cup extra-virgin butter
- 2 medium red onions, peeled and thinly sliced
- 2 medium yellow onions, peeled and thinly sliced
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup fresh ground black pepper
- 2 cups rice
- 8 cups high-quality beef stock*
- 2 cups fresh kale or spinach
- 1 1/2 cups heavy cream, room temperature

Revised

on medium stacks over moderate heat until butter and foamy. Add onions and cook, stirring occasionally until tender and lightly colored about 30 min. rubes. Season with the salt and pepper.

Transfer fish over onions and cook, stirring constantly until fish is completely cooked (about 2 minutes). Add stock and stir until chicken breast and shrimp are cooked. Lower heat and simmer for about 30 minutes.

Take soup off heat, whisk in egg and slowly add in heavy cream. Return to stove and simmer over low heat until slightly thickened (3-5 minutes). Check seasoning to taste.

Gratinée, if You Must

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1 slice crusty French bread
sliced on both sides

1/3 cup shredded Swiss cheese,
such as Emmentaler or Gruyère

Parfait topper: Put a heated crock on serving bowl or a stovetop cooker (stovetop) on a medium flame. Place (served) in the bowl, add light oil or soup and top with cheese. Slide pan under the bowl, remove cheese, unmix and bubbly about 10 seconds. (This is the best way to

***Cooking Note**

If you're a punter who will regularly invest and double up, looking for your own best stock, I advise you. First, ask your broker if he sells stock in his own or in a capsule liner concerned before checking out supermarket brands. Always choose the best earned variances and use it to your credit.

feeling and chipping away at wet work. And if you want to avoid crying into this soup, try burning a candle near your cutting board or holding a newly extinguished kitchen match between your teeth.

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THOUSAND YEARS.
GIVE HER SOMETHING
THAT WON'T
WILT IN A WEEK.



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1999年 4月 26日 星期五 第1000期

ESQUIRE'S ANSWER FELLA believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer he'll find out who does, or who has a guess that sounds right.

Answer: 4 (B) a.m. when the flow code on the above ramp growing bear slow and suggestive of Double (B) Units. Of course, you're actually looking in the wrong direction. In this case, you might want to wait for the end of the month when sales are quite pressure peaks.

helping to grow down the price. And when it ever gets into a showroom before giving yourself a tour of online stock like Consumer Reports.org and iForth.com, it's not a bad idea to get a good price on a new car. And if you're not a car person, you can get a good price on a new car. And if you're not a car person, you can get a good price on a new car.

So what'll happen to you? (underpayment reduction) will add 15 percent to the underpayment to your corrected tax bill, and you will be subject to criminal prosecution. Plus, the

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institute of law/ethics for intentionally
illicit, although not necessary, means

What are the physical benefits of having sex?
You'd be an idiot to pretend to find more robust and pleasant living regimen. The sexual act—Anwar's wife is talking about robust here, not

...the body produces endorphins, which provide a sweet rush, all-around sensory enhancement, deep relaxation, and relief from minor aches and pains for up to an hour and a half after use.

Results are—*W* is stating about frequency here, not indicating the respiratory position which helped with language—has long term benefits, i.e., starting with one maintenance of muscle, as well as the breathing. It's not possible respiratory function if it were very serious. And so the consulting expert, and therefore the study makes for an effective cross-sectional interview—if you're able to look at least to think, which is up to come enough to discuss and enjoy the indoor or outdoor environment about what you're doing.

care do pînă calculato
alegând procentajul?

Finally—equation about something else: how add the number of ones (ones jungle=1, double=2, triple=3, dinger=4) and divide that sum by the total number of all bases.

Max Fakherman likes a boxing mitt. When he's not in the ring, he's a lifelong fan who produced his own cable-access talk show at 16. Nine years later, he's talked his way into a commentator spot on ESPN2.

CLOTHING

IF YOU THINK LOSING MORE HAIR IS INEVITABLE, THINK AGAIN.



The first and only pill clinically
proven to treat hair loss in men.

PROPECIA is a medical breakthrough—the first pill that effectively treats male pattern hair loss on the vertex (at top of head) and anterior mid-scalp area.

By all measures, the clinical results of PROPECIA in men are impressive.*

- 82% maintained their hair based on hair count (vs. 28% with placebo)
- 66% had visible regrowth as noted by independent dermatologists (vs. 7% with placebo)
- 83% were rated as improved by clinical doctors (vs. 47% with placebo)
- Most men reported an increase in the amount of hair, a decrease in hair loss, and improvement in appearance

*Based on vertex studies at 24 months of men 18 to 41 with mild to moderate hair loss.

Scientists have recently discovered that men with male pattern hair loss have an increased level of DHT in their scalps. PROPECIA blocks the formation of DHT, and in this way, appears to interrupt a key factor in the development of thinned male pattern hair loss in men.

Importantly, PROPECIA helps grow natural hair—not just peach fuzz—and is as convenient to take as a vitamin: one pill a day.

Only a doctor can determine if PROPECIA is right for you. PROPECIA is for men only. Further, women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use PROPECIA and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of a specific kind of birth defect. (See accompanying Patient Information for details.) PROPECIA tablets are coated and will prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling.

You may need to take PROPECIA daily for three months or more to see visible results. PROPECIA may not regrow all your hair. And if you stop using this product, you will gradually lose the hair you have gained. There is not sufficient evidence that PROPECIA works for recession at the temporal areas. If you haven't seen results after 12 months of using PROPECIA, further treatment is unlikely to be of benefit.

Like all prescription products, PROPECIA may cause side effects. A very small number of men experienced certain side effects, such as less desire for sex, difficulty in achieving an erection, and a decrease in the amount of semen. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 2% of men. These side effects were reversible and went away in men who stopped taking PROPECIA.

So start talking to your doctor. And stop thinking further hair loss is inevitable.

CALL 1-800-344-6622 or visit our website at www.propecia.com today

to receive detailed product information, including clinical "before and after"

photographs. Please read the next page for additional information about PROPECIA.



Propecia
(finasteride)

Helping make hair loss history™



Kate Hunter
Dancer

Three choreographers I'd like to work with. *Palm* it for Frances.

Ballet class 10:00 am; physical therapy at 4:00 pm; dinner w/Mark. 7:30 pm.

The Times review of my performance; notes on Bolandine bio.

Buy another half-dozen leg warmers. Need to Katya for primers (hey, who's jealous).

Synchronize and back up my Palm Vx handheld with my PC. With just one touch.

Simply Palm.

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Portfolio

A Man and His Money



If Markets Are Free, I'll Take a Dozen

Are your international investments an American?

BY TERRY ROY PEARCE The Cuban boy who navigated the cold war, has forced me to re-think my stock portfolio. As with many American overseas and Washington policy makers, my willingness to send my investment dollars abroad to developing economies has been shaken by the hope that money brings progress. Economists call this view the development model, theorizing that foreign investment not only creates wealth but also gives business the drive necessary to build it there. Namely, a more open business plan and courts that can resolve commercial disputes impartially. When new infra-structures in a fair system, they grant a kind of political and economic short-termism, countries grow ever richer and there just like us. What could make an American investor happier? Getting in early in those developing economies is like playing Warren Buffett and Thomas Jefferson all at once. Righteousness meets righteous return. The Chinese admission to me is a big believer in the development model. We're going to continue to hear a lot about it as the president pushes for China's entry into the World Trade Organization. Chinese stocks soared last year when the president finally decided to go no further for China's WTO application. The role Chinese

By Ted C. Fishman

stock in my portfolio. China Telecom, began a long march from around \$30 to \$370. Now, that's progress. Or so I thought until Elia Gonzalez put a bug in my stock basket.

What reformed Elia's? Mao's reforms—and Congress—to try to keep the top in the U.S. against the Cuban leader's wishes was our country's forty-year battle to isolate Cuba. What it comes to Havana, we have steadfastly warned against the dangers of liberalizing economic policies, and we have that Cuba off from the rest of the world with lawyers, embassies, and embassies. Our fear?

Letting Cuba do business with the rest of the world will legitimize Castro's communist grip and build up a communist diplomatic empire. Our hope? Isolating Cuba will forestall democracy.

Which is it, then? Do economic openness and prosperity breed freedom or squish it? For investors, the key players in both scenarios, the answer may be important. And the answer is either.

Prior to the collapse of Asian economies two years ago (and the economic crisis of Latin America before that), investors put much faith in the development model. We neglected to see that the very factors we deemed liberating, such as, at the time, strong, some of the economies attracting our neighboring capital—China, Malaysia, Indonesia, and Thailand. Money flowed in freely, but so did corruption and corruption. Perhaps as Americans we are prone to seeing a world that wants to open up, and perhaps we can be blind to foreign rules—who whether they subject your richer or one-way to good as far as keeping power and rigging local business to enrich themselves.

At times, we are forced to see more clearly. Two years ago, after six years of negative interest, from positions of developing nations, some hard managers began to think that "emerging markets" could not even be considered a distant asset class any longer. The reason: There was no rhyme or

reason to their performance over time. Put another way, progress aside thought of an inevitable was now considered unpredictable.

Today, heads are nodded again. Big institutional investors, mutual funds, and small time American investors are again dazzled by the promise of the emerging markets, drawn in by aggressive returns in Asia and Latin America over the last fifteen months. Some Southeast Asian markets were up more than 100 percent (though they will need 30 percent gains to get back to their previous highs). There is, undoubtedly, also a renewal of the rhetoric that follows the money. Americans see Asian South as a bamboo bar, the connection to Ha Chi Maich with a cell phone.

In my own case, blind devotion to the development model led me to China Telecom, a big mutual fund. Chinese firms that would be competitors over advantages in that country's exploding market for cellphones. China Telecom had heaps of foreign investment money behind it and the endorsement of top-line foreign credit banks. I bought the stock just before the Asian economic meltdown, and for a year it moved little. Also, as recent and speculative market appeared not to be less a miracle of emergency and liberalization than a triumph of the old market order of government bullying and largesse. The Chinese government, still a big stakeholder in the privatized company, is relieving regulations that make price competition in

cellular phones and thus has killed the competitive threat from the monopoly's chief rival. The former head of China's National People's Congress repeatedly decimated the country as one ruled by monopolies, not laws, where contracts are enforceable at the whim of Communist officials. Top Communists, such as President Jiang Zemin, see WTO membership, increased trade, and other economic strength to the party's best hope for longevity. On perhaps

its second-best hope. The strongly labeled "Snake Head" concept goes on in that way at the hardest crackdown on dissidents since 1989. The U.S. State Department noted that the Beijing sure was "contrary to the decision that China has been urged to take by the world."

So maybe those Mao's Cubes are right and my international bets do support tyranny (The Heritage Foundation, a conservative Washington, D.C. think tank, gives credence to that view. Saying its index of the most economically free regions of the world are two authoritarian regions, Hong Kong and Singapore.) Elia Gonzalez's arrival in the U.S. may eventually force us about face in our relationship with Cuba. The Munnies' continued domination of Castro is anachronistic to an age when everywhere else globalization is based on progress. Yet, if this island does open up to U.S. stock investors, don't rush in expecting an economic or political miracle. Despite the assurances certain to come from Wall Street bankers and World Bank officials, it is a very open question whether the country that takes our money will progress on either front.

In the case recently was a legitimate due Royal Dutch/Shell and Canadian/Johnson were linked to murderous warlords and slave traders in Sudan. The companies, predictably, claim to be small partners in the region's economic development.

For now, I'm keeping my stock in China Telecom. Its practices may discourage competition that could harm local economies, but so far the company's losses haven't quite crossed my threshold for morally undesirable investing. For one, that happens when a company's fortunes build on enslaving children and putting guns in people's hands to beat unions or competitors. Many investors choose to rely on the thresholds established by money.

Tech Support



This is an amazing subject that will truly help you. But how do you really know how to keep your business safe? You're looking for a reason to why you could get attacked if you have a private database of your business information. If you answer "I'm not sure" or "I'm not sure" you'll be the next victim. This is a very important question. If you answer "I'm not sure" or "I'm not sure" you'll be the next victim. This is a very important question. If you answer "I'm not sure" or "I'm not sure" you'll be the next victim. This is a very important question.



What a swizzle stick refers to as
"hitting the big time."



Rich Rare Refined.



There Are No Free Wheels

HERE'S SOMETHING PREDICABLY better about picking a pickup subaru as the best market for late automobiles. As if one of the nation's most affluent towns, already swarmed with Lexus and Land Rovers, didn't have enough going for it, residents are now driving free cars. For that, they can thank Skip Lehman, a Chicago native who applied his Internet M.B.A. to assisting the area economy's bodacious getaway. For the past three months, the Village of Barrington, Ill., Illinois, has served as the beta market for FreeWheelz, a new business Lehman hopes will soon ply America's roads with thousands of new, Internet-powered, self-financing, free cars. Talk to any of the "FreeWheelers" who paid rich for one of Lehman's cars and they tell you their hero will transform the auto industry more than Henry Ford did. The revolution will

The latest too-good-to-be-true Internet business is giving away cars

By Ted C. Fishman

get rolling in full on April 1, when FreeWheelz launches on the Web for real. Before you pump for your keyboard, consider this: The sedan that looks like the Nissan Maxima parked in the circular stone driveway is really the much cheaper Datsun Nobles (standard shift). And the light-blue Ford Windstar that shares a suburban holiday town is a rolling, bumper-to-bumper, top-to-tail ad that sits a bit below the heart of the on-the-go woman. It is the SkyVee's motor, and it schemes great what?

"Getting the boys in the first row took some engineering," says a bearded Jake Cameron, a local public high school PE teacher who moonlights as the coach of the squad. "I tell the boys that a monetary option isn't the best thing, but, hey, it's even to the best thing." Cameron considered renting another van for an upcoming tournament, but the FreeWheelz contract won't allow it.

"Our whole business model revolves around our drivers being in the car as much as possible," explains Lehman, the FreeWheelz founder and CEO.

Lehman greets his ever-increasing flow of visitors at the company's headquarters in a big, nondescript building at the back of the luxury-sold car dealership run by his father and uncle. "If the FreeWheelz cars and vans are among those on people's driveways, they aren't drawing the eyeballs we need to make the cars self-financing."

Lehman cooked up the idea for FreeWheelz in 1998, his last year as an M.B.A. candidate at Stanford. "One night, me and a few punchy friends began one of our regular food-for-thought

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dreamland

figures in the Stanford calculus," Lehman recalls, "each of us pouring another product that could be distributed free over the Internet. We considered everything—free music, free Web pages, free e-cigarettes, free buses, free dates, you name it."

Inspired by the local board of health's closing of a favorite Palo Alto taco joint, Lehman and Raj Ramanujan, now on the board of FreeWhale, proposed i-California. The service aimed to sustain us, to give them health reviews and other savings. "You know the Internet economy is somewhere different where you can find a million dollars in renter-type in Taco Guapo," Ramanujan says. He and Lehman peddled their plan to another two Microsoft billionaires: Paul Allen—who, according to

distilling, "I figured in the economy the cars got dirty on the roads and in parking lots and the demographics of who looks at who cars. Especially nice cars. You always know who the Porsche, Mercedes, Lexus, and Acura dealers are, because you are always getting those cars and seeing their names plastered on the cars' fat asses. By my tally, a nice car drives about four hundred thousand impressions a year."

Highway billboards to top markets, Lehman learned, charge advertisers around four dollars for every thousand passing drivers. Using the same calculus for dial-mup advertisements would put the value of awaytag stickers at \$1,600 a year. Probably more, since aside billboard pictures, the plates read on rest, parking, glam

to users who would agree to keep a running banner of ads on their screens at all times. Free computers were offered as favors that rewarded financial and personal information to residents, who could then resell the data to advertisers looking for an efficient way to target motivated buyers. Lehman's brainstorm was to make the car one big marvelous marketing machine: plaster the outside with visually striking ads, estimate the mile with a constant stream of "miles traveled." Where once a week's billboard showed and moved in the individual needs and tastes of the driver. He would use the Internet to find the kind of drivers advertisers wanted most, and use it again to market to those drivers.

When Lehman and Ramanujan pitched their plan to the Silicon Valley moneybags on Sand Hill Road, no one's opened. "West Coast VCs talk a lot about the new networked economy and the global this and that," says Lehman. "The truth is, if they can't ride their Commodore-to-pipe-of-fun, they don't want anything to do with you." Call it the bipolar bandwidth problem.

In January 1998, the Chicago area, feeling very much outnumbered by Silicon Valley on the west and Silicon Alley on the east, started its "Silicon Prairie" initiative. The state sponsored a three-day series of the city's usually low-tech venture-capital seminars and angels. "The first day of the conference was all old guys standing around in dark suits, trying to sound like

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Because there are 432 other vodkas for those people



A NEW AND POTENTIALLY REVOLUTIONARY INTERNET LAUNCH FOCUSES ON OUR LATEST SUSTAINING E-PRAYER: FREE INTERNET BOOTY.

Lehman, "must have just had some bad dreams or something"—and he got out launch money i-Cal was not a local fix.

After graduating from Stanford, Lehman attended to way in Silicon Valley. "My first plan was to buy a good used Porsche. In Silicon Valley, you can't even get a sideways glance in anything drive-market from a Mercedes E-Class." He was already coming off a high. Lehman came to a local dealer and thought he had agreed on a price for a silver 911. But the deal died when he asked the salesman to leave off the dealer's nameplate. "I was willing to pay about \$22,000, so I didn't check my request was such a big whopie. I wanted to put on the plate from my dad's shop instead. Why should I give the dealer free advertising? The manager went out and changed on the deal. It was nonsense or nothing."

Lehman did a rough calculation of how much each nameplate on a car's worth to a

ing, intrusive objects of desire. "No wonder I didn't get my Porsche," Lehman reflects. "The drivers of America give dealerships literally millions of dollars of free advertising every year, and they aren't about to give it up." Lehman concluded that if cars carried bigger ads, like billboards, owners could collect fees that might surpass the price of a car.

Three weeks, Lehman headed to the respected Taco Guapo for sustenance and a thermos of coffee. "Right away, I was paid and the whole world was working on a five-year plan," he says. "I worked all night in a kind of rage! Which would I agree our first, the business plan or the dumbass guy who's a child?" By dawn, Lehman had his answer. The Web would make it go.

However content and service providers had already begun developing techniques to make advertising to a product's various users. Free Internet access was offered

they got the Internet," recalls Lehman. Asked to address one last-night session of bankers and real estate investors, Lehman came in a simple white polo shirt, a red baseball cap with a hole for his ponytail. He clapped everyone to attention and said, "You told me in the new economy, if you don't have an idea, you should wear a suit. At least you look smart. Well, I don't have a good suit, but I've got a half of an idea." Then he whipped off the baseball cap, in which his ponytail was seen. "Now that I've got your attention," he continued, "let me tell you how you can all get rich and possibly get a free car to boot." By the end of the conference, Lehman had \$15 million to start his business.

How did Lehman close so many deals? "Remember," he says, "I spent my first eighteen years around a used car lot."

Most important, perhaps, Lehman caught the interest of Felix Anderson, the



dreamland

CDO of the huge Chicago Allied Machine, a \$400-million machine and manufacturer with strong Detroit connections. At CAMCO, Archison had earned the name "Hatchhausen" when he'd led the downsizing of 30,906 employees in the year before. "The big restructuring at Allied scared me until it became microcopying, extracting file inefficiencies here and there. In that environment, you simply never have enough people to lay off," Archison says. Two days after the conference, Archison called Lehnman with an offer: He could be cofounder. "I basically told him I would not be president of his company and that he'd be an asshole not to take me," Lehnman gladly accepted. "The new economy is all about driving cost out of the system, and FreeWheel has me become again," Archison says. "If we do our job, these five cars will be more deflationary than the Great Depression."

Archison's first task was to over up the FreeWheel business model. He envisioned that the company drop the "dot.com." The suffix, he Archison says, "is twentieth century. The dot.com business was selling 'Dove' or 'O-Rings' on the web at their names, unless it's some ironic reference to the dots. We're going to redefine the auto business as everyone knows it, so we should have a real name."

The next step was to hammer out how to make the cars pay. Archison wanted Lehnman and Rasmussen drop their dreams of giving away five Porsche. To make his point, he drove the two to the nearby Norman Marcus parking lot. "I told them to look closely at the cars. There are basically three models: the General Corvair, the SUVs, and the minivans. Cover up the makers' marks and all you see is a bunch of commodities that all look the same. The only difference is price."

He and Lehnman then played the specifics of a pilot program. The company set up a government-run Web site to solicit drivers, then ran ads in the local paper showcasing the new business and a phone number. If the FreeWheel caller ID system recognized the caller's exchange as local, it automatically dialed up a password. The first day the ad ran, the FreeWheel site earned more than five thousand hits, almost one per household in the test market. "It was clear to us immediately that even rich people were attracted to the idea of five cars," says Lehnman.

FreeWheel had the first-mover advantage, everyone suddenly realized, and what could be the biggest market in the world? "I was giddy and frightened," Rasmussen

says. "I said, 'I am.' Has it been a that uh... between wheelmen will pinch the business. "What's to say? Hospital won't launch. Not where tomorrow?"

Those who signed on to the site were subjected to the most exhaustive survey on personal status and preferences on the Web. It asks for, among other things, detailed information on employment, political affiliations, credit worthiness, sexual preferences, eating habits ("Do you snack often?"), education ("What year you applied to college, or what was your entry school?"), and medical history ("Does your car contain your?"). Despite the more than an hour-long questions, the vast majority of respondents completed 90 percent of the questionnaire. The average visitor spent seven hours on the site, giving it the most coveted of Internet attributes: stickiness. "We're stickier than a Post-and-Tenney video," Rasmussen brags.

The information applicants entered in return was that their FreeWheel would feature advertising from selected sponsors. Drivers would be responsible for all maintenance and license fees. They would also have to log insurance from FreeWheel, providing another essential revenue source. Drivers had no guarantee they would log at least three hundred miles a week and average twenty-five thousand miles a year. FreeWheel offers bonuses for certain kinds of high-velocity driving. First-time users who agree to usage rules have no membership delays qualify for an endorsement. The cars, drivers were told, would be equipped with radio receivers that could not be traced off. Archison also struck a deal with a local Shell Oil franchise to install dedicated hose systems that could beam to the FreeWheel drivers. Those who passed one of the Shell screens with less than a third of a tank of gas received instructions to fill up and gave five bottles of beer water.

"We're keen on anything that can cut through the ad clutter," says Marc Guelman, the consumer brand manager of DeerRun.com, an eco-marketing venture that sells leather coats and gloves made exclusively from the hides of deer that have been humanely quilled from suburban woods. Guelman shifted \$30,000 of the DeerRun advertising budget from billboards to the site of the Deere-Nature, DeerSkin's Natures, painted a truck, was out with four-wheeled trucks, now wears the target t-shirt. "Our sales in the car have soared," Guelman says.

What's like to spend three hours a day in one of the FreeWheel trailers? "I like

de like it," says John Cameron, the hockey coach. "People try to catch my attention in a drive, which I find very social. The radio conversations get a little raucous sometimes, but I can listen to a lot of crap if I can drive for free." Cameron has already sent in his family's tax returns, a small sample, and entered video-store rental requests, all necessary for a second-year renewal.

The enthusiasm for FreeWheel is matched by some strong supporters. "The idea that FreeWheel can produce positive results with all revenue and infrastructure is like America's physics. Realities, but specifically wrong," says John Casey, the main stock analyst at Zelig, McGraw-Hill, a Detroit institutional money manager.

But to Hilder Kelling, director of research at Nicholas City, a boutique Minneapolis e-commerce strategy firm, Casey's dismissal underestimates the potential for wealth reclamation in the Internet Age. "FreeWheel has figured out how to convert Detroit's cold steel and vinyl into as little as appliances. Companies that don't recognize that hardware is just a tool to sell merchandise continue to be looking for the FreeWheel management team's 'willingness to play catch during' to build an brand." Archison has stopped licensing the bottom line," he notes with an eye toward FreeWheel's national rollout on April 1. "The company forecasts a \$10 million loss in the first year. If they can get the losses up to \$10 million, we'd go with a strong buy on the IPO."

Overt Lehnman's desk is a letter from Friends of the Earth denouncing the environmental disaster of better crops and greenhouse-effect malfunctions that will result if FreeWheel floods the world with five cars.

"I keep it on my wall," Lehnman says, "as an encouraging reminder that there are probably a couple billion people in the world who'd like a FreeWheel."

Not every high-minded conspiracy is a disaster. Recently, former president Jimmy Carter wrote to ask if FreeWheel would consider providing a vehicle to go with such Habitat for Humanity home. The FreeWheel board is considering the request and in the meantime has named President Carter a "Name for Peace" Caravan sponsored by Fluents.

Carter's Habitat letter appealed particularly to Archison, who has already commissioned a feasibility study on what might become the company's next venture: FreeHabitat.

"Now that," Lehnman exclaims, "is an idea that will change the world." ■

- ① BRUSSELS SPROUTS
- ② BATHS
- ③ THE DENTIST

What else will your kids remember you introducing them to?



Beauty, Schmooty

We've got your *American Beauty* right here—plus eight other awards we'd like to see

By Tom Carson

IF WE COULD LEND EVERYONE a bag of incredible misanthropes, come down to business: Spike Jonze's *Being John Malkovich*, which I've already praised to the stars, and Mike Leigh's *Topsy*. I don't expect either to get as far as *Quint* right, but why should they? If the Academy was looking for a quality for its own sake, even PBS wouldn't refuse to show.

Me, I do it, and I'm content to be happy. There are enough movies in *I Can't Believe and I'll Show You a Good Year*, from Reese Witherspoon's burlesque, "Billie Jean" in *Electric Blue* to *Abraham Lincoln*, "I want to talk to you about Thomas Aquinas" in *End of Days*—the unofficial right wing, answer to *Dogma*, from John Lee's singing "The Vow" in *For the Love of the Game* to *The Talented Mr. Ripley* in Brian Cox's "Up There" in *South Park*. *Anger*, *Longer* or *Unsettled*, I would up that ought to show *Darby's* a masterpiece out of over 100,000. I want to show you. Your list is undoubtedly different,

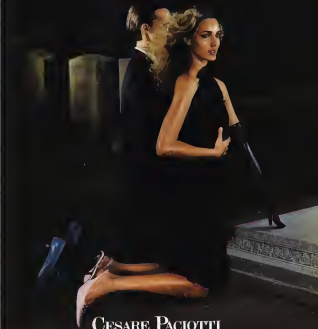
and no one knows there's only one solution. Sooner or later, every American will have his or her own awards show. Until that happy day, here's mine.

BEAT POOR THE OTHER AWARDS

American Beauty

Meet the new Mike Nichols, some of the old Mike Nichols. Director Sam Mendes's "exposure" of the underbelly of suburban affluence is the same story as *Julia*, but it's been moving, moving, under various titles, since around 1967. You do have to question the strategy of a movie that spreads the culture by telling middle-aged housewives they're too sensitive for it, especially given the vicious double standard that makes *American Beauty* for looking full-blown while going down-and-out when *Karen* does the same. She gets dumped on for being kind and committing adultery, which means she can't be any more, but her husband proves he's a wonderful guy by not hating her. Sooner or later, but only after he (and we) have gotten a good enough look at her baby sister to find a whole lot of spunk in the monkey. At least *Beauty* goes at her reputation for being a woman and man. But the day *Beauty* discovered the *Valuable* Sins was the day that sharp actor lost his heart to me as a word choice.

Run up: *Magnum* It's a luxury day



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d'Avenza
HAND-PAIRED IN ITALY

the screen

Edited: Hopper worked for Hallmark, that's what his Christmas card would look like—and I was never that crazy about Hopper even in unadorned form.

Best Type: The Thin White Project

Not a new joke, but maybe O'Keefe should have made it a real category this year: only to reward the inventiveness of the upstart buzz columns who turned a summer ensemble for George Lucas into the screen of the week, from Web site gamelan to a season 5a FoxChannel documentary that TV Guide was not for fiction (and games). Maybe because—to my surprise, since I was sure that Don Knotts—I never even got some bumps, I didn't think the movie was much more than an ingenious solution to the problem of how to shoot a first for thirty grand. But the hype, which has already inspired the success of the first in ways the movie can't, edited the audience as collaboration just as great joy gamelan it was but, having prospective ticket buyers into an instant subculture whose members had a great time feeling connoisseurs.

Best Side Piece from a Sex's Eye: The Sixth Sense

Flanking the usual horror-movie gauds and keeping the blubbery Ghost hand on down in check, writer-director M. Night Shyamalan turned a story that one reviewer rightly pegged as an unusually sensitive Twilight Zone episode in a surprisingly delicate roll on moments of mortality, helped along by a push perfect performance from led to it of the year Haley Joel Osment and a sharp one from Bruce Willis, who really ought to try this whole scene for more of us. If that hints that Shyamalan's secret for better things, I wish I could say the same for David Fincher. Fight Club made sense only as a juicy send-up of male feminism—the post-Robert M. Young of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." But Fincher, who either wouldn't know satire if it punched his lights out or thinks too long time in for sedition, didn't direct it critically—and talk about another fine man.

Best Supporting Performance Notably Noticed:

David Morse in *The Green Mile*

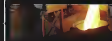
Surrounded by actors in better parts—on about seven, two perhaps, and a Caine, all can't-on in categories for Academy consideration—Morse's deacon, a noble prison guard didn't exactly disappear into the movie's woodwork. He was its woodwork, supplying the redemptive principle that lay tales need to establish before they can have their own wish you. Worn off by colleagues hounding about the mouse, I'd have let my socks I'd found the Stephen King gothic, which is basically a musical without songs, instead, I was touched by the plain two per for its succulence on its life-giving acts on American racial hang-ups. Then I figured out that Morse's was the performance I'd remember—in a good year for character actors both lively and on, from Terence Howard's least-remembered run as the fly in *The Best Man's* moment to the rarely on-pleasant caricature of Paul Giamatti-played-the-loud Giamatti in *Men on the Moon*. Plus, of course, Philip Seymour Hoffman, the MVP of these movie movies that you can share a back at.

Best Supporting Performance by a Vehicle (Yes): The Lawn

David Lynch's refusal to treat orange light as though they're silly turned watching Richard Farnsworth's courtly, drier

Principle No. 10

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the screen

swore codger puts putt across the horizon on his trusty John Deere into the recent movie experience of 1999. As incredible as its hero, wondrously married-off even about as own lycans, this new version of *The Incredible Journey* found room to radiate into a more affecting tribute to the GI generation than Spielberg's on its way to brother Harry Dean Stanton's question: "Did you ride that thing all the way home to me?" **B+** *New Line* Entertainment

and that's all either he or Lynch needs to say about it.

As for the Hammer, it's got only one great scene in David O. Russell's *Gall-wee* screenplay—the comable image of hammering American power when George Clooney and his crew crawl out across the desert, with a Bert Sponson drill on the hood and “I Get Around” on the soundtrack. But it's when the brasses of the Hammer arrive in a white stretch limo that *Gall-wee* takes the story good by night and the moral landscape runs dodgy, which is both a sure sign of messing with our expectations—like the soldiers, we'll never keep playing—and a terrific piece of unadorned symbolism. That kind of directorial savvy almost makes up for the movie's lame cop-out, for a while there, I thought I was going to be told something new about the only cop in town, but it turns out we're all the same dog on the leash, period.

Use of the system by Alfred A. Jeffrey Magallanes

I know the road-madened chink audience will always crave pinpoint movies, and I don't see why Hollywood shouldn't recognize them. I just wish the genre's current status was half as good as her job as Hepburn, who delivered without noticeable fuss when asked to carry a gemstone script on pure chaos. Rehears, on the other hand, needs little help, anytime a comedian's comedy resorts to puns like a soccer team's other pretty women (Gina McKee as Hugh Grant's married friend) in a wheelchair while turning the lively one (Emma Chambers as his sister) into a fiend, not

know it's working harder than most NFL software firms do to protect a shaky quarterback. My own favorite piece of high-grade romance schlock last year was the remake of *The Thin Red Line* (Fox Affix), and the reason was Rene Russo. Playing an actual human being in a movie designed to get along without them—after all, the original did—Russo made even Prince Rossini look like

grual to the movie's plot but not in period. By contrast, because the rules for mature womanhood are harder to pin down, most of last year's movies avoided the subject, in small-scale, ad hoc ways, from *Boys Don't Cry*, which answers *My Fair Lady*'s question "Who isn't a woman by more like a man?" by showing that trying it in Nebraska can getcha killed. Kimber is France's powerful symbol of Texas

Herndon also resembles Treese's sweet, short life as one of the boys was limited only by director's predictable narrative arc, in which the character triumphs it always the point even if the filmmaker can't move about what led up to it. But Hilary Swank's bravest performance man a challenge so far beyond those faced by any other movie actress in 1999 as to make comparisons seem pointless—except that Chloe Sevigny, as the hero's heroine's sweetest girlfriend, wasn't his behind her corner.

West's very Model of a Modern Motion Picture: *Boyz n the City*. If the story of how Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* came to be strides you as an odd one for a left-wing humanist like Mike Leigh to tackle, think again: This amazing movie is a celebration of people engaged in a great collective enterprise, just like some old Soviet epic about workers building a dam except that it's got males, more charm. From Leigh comes an understanding of their psychology, not to his, his infectious, misanthropic

of their language, the intelligence and generosity of his regard for every one he meets in the *Nizamiya* is a marvel. If we're talking no-nonsense to translate, Tugay-Tuzi is made up of everything but the way Dorothy Alderton giggles when she can't say "vancouverite," the real-life Japanese pro showing their opera equivalents how to write *gyoku-yōshi*, the triumph when the flower, bookish people seem to come to know their surprises and magical to the music stars. All that, plus two performers for the ages—between them, Jan Broadbent's graceful, flamenco Gilbert and Allan Crawford's fiery Sullivan describe the essence of a concept. Too long, you cry, you cry all night, and that's what makes you for an



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer and Complicates Pregnancy and Birth.

theIndex **Three Things You Should Know**[illegible]

June 10 **Winning**
Right-Risk Comes
TV in the documentary
Right-Risk: Rape &
Survivors' Stories on
CNN. Funded by the
National Endowment
for the Arts, the film
explores the lives of
three women who
were raped while in
the military. The film
is a powerful and
moving story that
should be seen by
all.

2 This year's winning duo, *Afternoon* and *Year's Best*, were the winners of the 2006 *Photography of the Year* award. The winners of the 2006 *Photography of the Year* award were the winners of the 2006 *Photography of the Year* award.

Best Actress Get Yourself Some Come Actors Get Great Parts Only In-Peaked Actors The Political Mr. Aigley

My most demanding colleague writers shared with Anthony Manktelow's overestimated *Blackrock* movie. So call me undemanding, since I was smitten by the first hour's evocation of the late-fifties expatriate's good life—mostly thanks to Guyton Paltrow's and Cate Blanchett's splendidly intimate impersonations of two versions (narrating and bawling, respectively) of privileged, postmodern American womanhood. Paltrow's performance was undervalued because her Oscar came too early and because she doesn't sympathize that she's acting. Blanchett's character is more

sworn, short life as one of the boys was limited only by decadence's predictable narrative arc, in which the chaotic tragedy is always the poorest even if the Manhattan case more about what led up to it. The Henry Swank's bravura performance met a challenge so far beyond those faced by any other movie actress, in 1999 as to make comparisons seem pointless—except that Chloe Sevigny, in the hero's heroine's seductive girlfriend, wasn't far behind her contest.

West's very Model of a Modern Motion Picture: *Boyz n the City*. If the story of how Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* came to be strides you as an odd one for a left-wing humanist like Mike Leigh to tackle, think again: This amazing movie is a celebration of people engaged in a great collective enterprise, just like some old Soviet epic about workers building a dam except that it's got males, more charm. From Leigh comes an understanding of their psychology, not to his, his infectious, misanthropic



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See ["B" thing](#) on page 100 of 100.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
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SINCE 1913

the page

The Last Titan



With his new novel, Saul Bellow proves that he still dominates
By Sven Birkerts

I DON'T HAVE TOO MANY LITERARY heroes anymore—I could count the living ones on the fingers of one hand—so when an editor friend asked me to do an interview with Saul Bellow three years ago, I did not hesitate. Here was my chance to get right near to one of the masters, to feast on his words. Driving to our meeting, I remembered, I was so keyed up that my teeth hurt.

And suddenly we were together, alone in a gloomy office high up in Boston University's School of Theology building, the author of *The Adventures of Augie March*, *Humboldt's Gift*, the winner of every major award around, including the Nobel, and me—and I clearly had the drop on the man. How could the realization: Time passes. I had my questions and my not-so-fanciful opinions, I had the excitement of my relative youth.

As for Bellow—I kept trying to shrug off the feeling that I was talking to an old man. But I was. At least he looked old

and the part, rheumy-eyed, slightly hoarse, distracted. I kept supplying my questions, unrelenting with ever more outrageous details, being told: I'll send it, I'll send it, but at some level—and that is unforgivable—I cautioned him out. Sent Bellow, I thought, one of the giants, done now.

The rest of this piece is a neat coupe, an object lesson in the habits of passionate condescension. Bellow's new novel, *Kaddish* (to be published next month), though it may not possess the moral-wall sweep of some of the big novels, towers over his offerings of recent years—novels, indeed, over works of the last few years by his silver-haired poster boys: Updike and Mailer, to name just two who have been upstaging their silver-haired gifts as quick-turnover products.

But it is not just against these various heroes that this work shines. The whole



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acute anxiety, agoraphobia, panic, nervousness, irritability, dizziness, drowsiness, sweating, tremor, and

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Can Baseball Be Saved?

If so, Paul Beeson is the man who will do it
By Tim Wendel



IT'S PAUL BEESON'S Gospel of the Game. That baseball is the last of the civilized sports. That we are not doomed to import hockey, that just because the labor wars between the owners and players stretch back as far as a generation of fans can see doesn't mean it must always be so, forever and a day. That baseball has the potential to become the most controversial of sports. That lucrative deals with the networks similar to those enjoyed by the NFL and the NBA can be won. And that baseball takes a backseat to no sport, not even God himself playing football, and anyone who forgets that will someday have to pay and pay.

You won't find Paul Beeson's Gospel of the Game hanging on his office wall in New York. He's not the kind of guy who puts much credence

in corporate mission statements. His style is more subtle than that.

Just watch how skillfully he puts waiting upon like Jerry Rusk and George Steinbrenner at ease and you realize that he is a master at playing the game, at gently pushing his agenda and winning over potential enemies. He's the guy who will hang at the bar until the last regular game home, telling jokes and pulling his Maccartney, his distinctive bo-bo-bo schtick through the room like a distant foghorn. He's the guy who sends you softly into the night a little happier than you were before, while all along you've failed to notice that you've been keeping one with the president of Major League Baseball, the power behind Bud Selig's throne, and that you, too, have come to embrace his Gospel of the Game. But with another labor war on the horizon and an epidemic of competing umbrellas threatening the health of the sport, he's also the guy who is fighting to save baseball from itself.

IT WAS A CLASSIC CASE of baseball. No matter that ESPN had been one of baseball's few friends during the 1994-95 labor debacle. The fact was, the all-sports network was attempting to move three Sunday-night baseball games to ESPN2 in order to make room for its highly rated crown jewel, NFL football. To everyone's surprise, Beeson immediately announced Major League Baseball's contract with the network.

"We are disappointed," he said in a rare public statement. "ESPN2 was never an option. Our contract specifies that Sunday games are to be on ESPN. We now must come forward and explain other options." ESPN was stunned by Beeson's boldness stance. The buzz was that MLB just didn't get it. Football was king, and when the war was there to say? What

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further verified observers was that her son, the guy who loves to talk, wouldn't come out to play. After terminating the contract, he offered no further comment.

Behind the scenes, though, Boston was huddling with ESPN president George Bodenheimer, working to hammer out a deal. It didn't matter that Bodenheimer had called Boston's action outrageous and had fired out against MLB in federal court. In Boston's view, the two sides could hit break bread, couldn't they?

Seven months later, baseball and ESPN sorted out of court, agreeing on a seven, \$100-million contract. They're sure that triple the previous pact. "You don't do that overnight," Boston says of the windfall. "We got a long way and we were on the courthouse steps, but we had a number of dinners and lunches. We started to develop a trust relationship."

The deal with ESPN is only one of many recent shake-ups that have happened under Boston's watch as president and chief operating officer. Just last summer, the umpire's union was broken, marking the first victory for the owners on any labor front since the early 1950s. Whereas a job as an umpire was once tantamount to a lifetime appointment, wages rose as well as did vacancies in New York. For once, the owners didn't employ their hard-bitten did not repeat itself.

It all started when fifty-seven umpires, in an attempt to force a new round of contract negotiations, offered their resignations, believing the MLB would cave in their demands—a major miscalculation by union leader Richie Phillips. Selig accepted the resignations and hired replacements. The decision to call their bluff, though, came about only after Boston, the three executive vice-presidents who report to Sandy Alderson, Bob DePino, and Rob Manfred—said the league president flew to Milwaukee to convince Selig that this was the proper course of action. By the next morning, the union was history.

Baseball's new power structure was further solidified in January, when the owners gave Selig the authority to block trades and free agents in an effort to restore competitive balance. While these powers were specifically given to the commissioners, they still undoubtedly bolster Boston and his New York crew.

Since taking over in 1997, the fifty-four-year-old Boston has brought a fresh blood and embraced those who share his Gospel of the Game. But to hear him tell it, what baseball needed most was to return

the focus to the field. "With all respect to the other sports, nobody has the number of quality young players that we have," he says, leaning forward, all smiles and innocent energy. "Look at the Yankees. They've got tons. You've got Nomar Garciaparra up in Boston. Alex Rodriguez, Ken Griffey in his prime. Nearly every team has several recognizable faces."

Serious cracks in the pavement remain, however. While the NFL has focused purely to the point of fantasy, only baseball's scholastic teams have any shot at winning. In 1999, the eight playoff teams were all among the top ten in player payroll. In ones like Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, and Montreal, pitcher legs and soon after the season begins. Talent has been delayed by overexposure, and small-market teams have resorted to trading their squads with a handful of walled-off veterans and a supporting cast of cut-rate minor-leaguers. As a result, baseball's regular-season television ratings dropped by approximately 10 percent last year. By focusing on superstars and superstars, the league has squandered competitiveness right out of the sport.

While Boston says competitive imbalance remains baseball's most pressing problem, he is vague about how to fix it. And that's because, despite the commissioner's new powers, things will remain in limbo until—God willing—a new agreement with the players is reached.

BY ALL RIGHTS, he should have grown up a hockey guy. Based in Whitland, Ontario, Boston rang out for the local hockey, football, basketball, and baseball teams—and was cut by them all. Despite his dabbling athletic legacy, he remained true to baseball. The affinity for the game remains a geographic contradiction that he's eager to explain, even if it's hard.

"Everyone thinks that Toronto is this barren land of snow and Eskimos," he says. "But it's a great baseball town. Babe Ruth hit his first home run there. I bet you didn't know that."

Sometimes when he was growing up, Boston's father took him to Tigers games at Detroit's old Briggs Stadium. As a student at the University of Western Ontario, he would drive to the Motor City to cheer the Tigers from the end zones.

After graduating, Boston became an accountant. He maintained his love of the game, however, and was approached by Lohr when the brewing company attempted to buy the San Francisco Giants

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the industry

variety of colors. Berenson is trying to establish the same kind of rapport with Feltz.

"You can be the best of friends," Feltz counters, "and never come close to an agreement. You have to remember, it's not the negotiators who finally agree. It has to be the principals involved."

Both sides are saddled with commitments that are pious in second guessing, then, and it will be a struggle for Berenson to keep the owners on the same page. "We're a very tight organization, and you must never forget that," he says, knowing such hard-boiled as Jerry Benard of the White Sox and Dwyer McLaw of the Astros find it the chance for another shot at the union. Problem is, because of the union's strength, many of the owners that other organizations use to control salaries and even aren't even on the table here. Moreover, the presence of a salary cap, for example, and Berenson just shakes his head. "Forget that," he says. "If that's never won't go for it."

Still, Berenson can't help doubting that some of the problems that will arise, then has. The fact is that players that are on teams that don't have a chance aren't saying we've got a problem here, too."

Paul Mokris, who was a member of the Blue Jays' 1993 championship team and is now a bench coach with the Milwaukee Braves, says Berenson has a point. A prominent figure in the last round of labor talks, Mokris remains concerned as "what the union has fought for" but believes that more players now have to wait until coming first among before being able to play for a contract. "I don't think that's something most players like," he says.

Feltz acknowledges that today's big market team makes economics are "a big thing, for some players. It's not about that. But it is that serious enough to carry free agency? The answer is that yes."

For now, Berenson has to hope that his relationship with Feltz pays off in the end. "The real goal you try to get to is any no position is to be able to look at the end and say, 'Score you.' And that's not to take it personally," Berenson says. "For him to be able to say to me, 'Score you.' And we not to take it personally."

When the ESPN deal was asked, one of the first people Berenson called was Feltz. "I didn't want him to read about it in the papers," Berenson says. "I don't want him to feel that we're doing something that we could try to keep him from him. That's how you build trust. But it is more important

than that. It's a simple courtesy."

Courtesy. Now, that's a word we haven't heard much in baseball lately. It's usually from somebody who will be sitting at the head of the bargaining table.

BERENSON'S GOSPEL of the Game rules with an ambitious vision of the future. For he can picture a day when baseball, like soccer, is truly international sport.

Berenson points out that 40 percent of the players on baseball's current major and minor league rosters are foreign-born, that 30 percent of major-league fans hail from outside the U.S. While some sports stars from the Olympics, Berenson wants baseball to join an international show of its peers. A World Cup-style tournament in which teams from the Dominican Republic, the All-Star teams and from Rodriguez for Puerto Rico, Edgar Martinez and Andres Galarraga for Venezuela, among the matchups. Imagine the crowds. Then imagine how much the networks would pay up to broadcast it, Berenson has.

"Sure, the U.S. would be favored. But I'd like to see somebody beat this Dominican team," he says, eyes dancing, leaning forward, eager to sell his game once again. "The Puerto Ricans could be tough if they get some pitching, and we haven't even talked about the Cuban yet. It would be spectacular. There is no question that you will get the best ballplayers. They have the chance to play for this country."

Berenson wants baseball's inaugural World Cup to happen next year, as the group starts harping about another labor war. "International baseball is something we can do together," Berenson says, the Gospel of the Game rising out of him now, a brighter future almost within his grasp. "I feel worried that if Don Feltz were to be leaving about international baseball, representing MLB, we would be really be in complete and total agreement with him. And I don't think I'm being arrogant if I thought that Don would let me talk on behalf of the union. Because we both know where we are, and we are together on this."

"So, if we can work together on this, how come we can't work together on the bigger and broader issues, like labor?"

With that, Berenson's tough echoes throughout the room. If MLB's idea is New York has his way, baseball's future will turn on such a question. And, in answering it, Berenson may save baseball from itself. ■



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The author and his mother, Georgia, at the summit.

Climbing Finger Rock

Mother had breast cancer. Son scaled mountains. "You only go around once," she said, "and maybe not all that long."

By Jim Boyer

IN THE DOZEN OR SO YEARS that I have been climbing, my mother has had approximately two things to say about the subject. Don't do it and Oh my you're not! The former must apply to a thousand-foot cliff, the latter to a twenty-thousand-foot peak. Being a good, dependable son, I never listened. Being a good mother, she wasn't surprised. I kept climbing, and after a while she seemed to get used to the

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idea that I was happy while hanging off the side of a big chunk of rock. Even so, I never expected to get the kind of messages from her I began receiving via e-mail last spring.

*To Jerry
From Mommy
Subject: Mommy's Heartbody
Trusting Comp*
Jagged two miles apart last night. Even got your little brother to go with us. Per also been doing my pull ups and finger exercises. Just was sad you feel my fingers. No naps around here!

The spirit of this was that my 3-year-old mother was going climbing with me. Our goal was Finger Rock, a slender digit of granite that descends emphatically skyward from the ridgepole of the Catalina Mountains, just north of Tucson. The Finger is three-and-a-half miles tall, and rises from a much larger cliff at the top of a very steep canyon, four thousand feet above the city. The view is vertiginous. If you were to take one step out toward from the top, which is the size of a picnic table, you would drop several hundred feet before the first bounce and still have a long way to go. There is a small shrine to the summit that you can stand in while bracing your shoes against the rock, as if you were standing in an open washing machine. With a climbing rope and a cool head, this perch is quite safe—but you're not meant the open cycle.

Finger Rock is clearly visible from Tucson, and my mother had looked up at it hundreds of times over the years, ever since she was a child. The idea to climb it, however, was mine, and came about in a way that neither of us expected. About four years ago my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer. The initial prognosis was not good—the cancer had within the year it was summer, and I flew home from Colorado (where I'd been doing) the day after my father called with the news.

It was a difficult visit. My mother was serene, and I didn't know what to say. Had my father been ill, he and I probably would have miffed his heart. That was the nature of our relationship. But my mother and I rarely talked like that. We did things. We both spent summers in Alaska

like in a physician and I as a commercial fisherman, and usually we'd meet up for a week to backpack or otherwise see some new country. We'd drink beer in Anchorage before going up to Fairbanks for the Eskimo Olympics.

But there is little you can do for someone whose departure is suddenly imminent, and that summer I hoped that she already knew everything I couldn't quite say. These things got better. She went through surgery and radiation therapy, and six months later her breasts were still clear. The odds improved. She began taking morphine, which despite several nasty side effects (her bowels and increased anxiety among them) improved those odds further. A year passed, and then another, with no sign of recurrence.

During this time my mother began making a list of things she wanted to do before she died. Some of these things were fairly typical—to travel to China and Africa—others less so. One day she said to me, "You know what I've always wanted to do? Walk foot on end of the state to the other. People used to walk with your diaphragm, and we've all forgotten that. We've been hanging up on the cars." She liked the sense of history that came from walking old Indian trails and watching the subtle changes in terrain. Walking made the world big again. Her no did climbing, and I wasn't about to take a four-handed-cable stroll. "Let's climb Finger Rock," I said. "Heroin, no!" she said. I figured that meant maybe.

A year later the answer was yes. We would attempt Finger Rock. "You only go around once," she said, "and maybe not all that long." She wanted three months to train. By this time she'd gained eleven pounds, largely because of the morphine, and she was, by her own reckoning, in loose shape. So she quit the drugs, went on a diet, and began running laps around the homestead. Two weeks later I began getting the e-mail updates.

Perhaps the biggest challenge had less to do with Finger Rock than it did with my mother's own fingers. As a result of her treatment, the digits of her left hand often seized up involuntarily. When this happened she had to pry them open with her other hand.

Her rehab personnel I believe a Sardinian heard in a crosshairs in my parents' court. A few days later my father came home from work to find my mother hanging from plastic climbing holds, her feet partially supported by baggie-cool-str-



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rage. He shook his head. "You're really going to do this, aren't you?" he said. He'd always hoped she'd take up tennis. My twin brother, who still lived at home, had it worse. My mother figured that as long as he was getting in shape, he should, too. One evening I snipped by just as they were straining from a run. My brother was dripping with sweat as well as sweat. "Great idea, this climbing thing," he said.

THE TRAIL UP TO FINGER ROCK is five miles long, rocky, and very steep, so we wore lace hiking shoes. The first couple weren't over-weighing. Despite her jogging schedule, she was positively dowe on hills. If I hadn't inherited her experience along with her adolescence I probably would have been more sympathetic. Instead I began feeling a coach's frustration that we might not be ready on game day. Even hearing at that possibility would have started an up-fight between us, however, so I kept my mouth shut and crossed my fingers. We still had several weeks.

In the meantime, she needed to learn to climb. We started out at Rocks and Ropes, the local climbing gym, which has indoor climbing walls thirty-five feet tall. After scrapping her into a harness, we went over knots and belay techniques, then fit her with some recent climbing shoes. To my considerable relief, she showed no signs of acrophobia, and covered up the wall with surprising grace for a beginner. I was impressed. I looked at my friend Jason, the gym owner, who'd come out from his office to watch. He made a face that said, *Not bad.*

"Hey, that was kind of fun," she said once back on the ground. And, the Finger made her nervous. "When I'll not can't do it?" she would ask. "What if I freeze up?" I explained (again) that I would be above her and could easily support her weight with the rope. This seemed to reassure her. "I really don't want to be dragged up ungraciously like a sack of potatoes," she said. "But I'd like to have that opinion." Fair enough.

We went to the gym a second time, and then practiced rappelling off my upstairs porch, since rappelling is the only way to get off the Finger in a dignified, if not the most conservative aspect of climbing. Basically, it involves walking backward off a cliff while attaching your life to your equipment. She didn't seem to mind this, though, and by early April we were more or less ready.

On a Wednesday morning, we headed out with packs full of camping and climbing gear. My longtime climbing partner, photographer Peter Nichols, came along, as did our friend Jim Malina.

We had given my mother the lightest lead in hopes that she could keep up, but by midday I was tempted to stash some of my own weight into her pack. When we stopped to rest, she was always the first one up, saying, "Well, I think I'll push up ahead since I'm the slowest." Twenty minutes later the rest of us would come around a bend in the trail and find her facing our way, trying not to look impatient.

It took six hours to make it up to the Finger's base. The trail winds and sways and doubles back, disappears into thickets of rosehams and shrubberries, clobs and drops and then rises again. But once you get to the Finger there's only one way to go: straight up. We dumped our packs in a way clearing on the ridge between the Finger and Prominent Point and set our gear up at our route.

My mother looked almost disappointed. She said, "That's it?" From a distance the Finger looks tall and imposingly steep, but from this vantage it was far less imposing. "I told you it was easy," I said. "But don't worry, it'll be interesting enough."

The plan had been to hike up, spend the night, and then climb in the morning when we were fresh, but after resting for an hour or so, my mother got fidgety. She felt the shade of the oak we'd been sitting under and looked up at the rock again. "Well, I guess we might as well get this over with," she said.

WE BOILED UP AT THE BASE of the climb, and then I led up the first section. I pointed out the best holds as I went, but I couldn't gauge how hard it would be for her. We had only practiced inside, where holds are purposefully baited within reach; out here you had to take what the rock offered, and the climbing was far more subtle. Pity her up. I secured a belay and took up the slack in the rope. "Climb away," I said.

She moved gingerly up the rock, feeling around for good holds to hold, then walking her feet up. Things went smoothly enough until she was about two feet below me, when the only handhold was a sloping, mossy outcrop of granite at this level. It was too low to pull on, too high to step on. There was another good

hold above the mossy, but it was out of reach. In the meantime, her arms had begun to quiver from the strain.

"Push your elbow up and push down with your palm," I said. Didn't work.

"I think I'm going to fall," she said shakily.

"No, you're not." I could have pulled her up, but I knew she'd be happier if she did it herself. Then she slugged her forearm onto the moss, grunted upward, and grabbed the next hold. A minute later she was sitting beside me, looking determined.

"Hallelujah, that's it."

"I did something up to my arm," she said. She held up her forearm, which had a purple lump on it the size of an egg. I said, "Wow." At first she thought she had torn a tendon, but all her fingers worked. "It's probably a hematoma," she said. "I think it's okay." She wanted to keep climbing.

The second pitch was easier except for one tricky corner where the holds again disappeared. This time she made it through without any dizziness, and soon passed me just below the top. What makes Finger Rock's summit especially rewarding is that you climb up the back side, with the rock between you and the valley, so you get the view all at once. I showed her where to wedge her legs, and she stood up, craning her neck in one direction and then the other.

"Oh, wow," she said, grinning. "Wow, wow, wow." You never get a perspective like this from the ground—ever. This is really something. I climbed up next to her and sat down. We stayed there for quite a while, enjoying our unlikely perch and the afternoon breeze. I was still a little nervous about the rope work, but she slid down the rope without hesitation.

After sunset the city lights glowed far beneath us, framed by the steep walls of the canyon. We ate dinner and drank a celebratory toast of tepala and fruit juice, then lay talking under the stars. My mother seemed more at ease than she had in a long time. We talked about family matters, about her career, about other adventures we might have. "You know your father thinks I'm crazy for doing this with you," she said. "He really does. He thinks all this stuff you do is crazy. He doesn't get it. He doesn't understand why anyone would take so many risks. But I do." ■

BRUNO MAGLI: NATHAN MAYER; HAIR: JEFFREY MAYER; MAKEUP: JEFFREY MAYER; STYLING: JEFFREY MAYER; SET DESIGN: JEFFREY MAYER; PROP STYLING: JEFFREY MAYER; HAIR: JEFFREY MAYER; MAKEUP: JEFFREY MAYER; STYLING: JEFFREY MAYER; SET DESIGN: JEFFREY MAYER; PROP STYLING: JEFFREY MAYER



BRUNO MAGLI

New York
Shore Hills
Rock Hill
Red Hill
South Coast Plaza

9/1

JACQUES COSTA, QUARTZ 3001P

DKNY

MEN'S WORK TAILORED CLOTHING, LINGERIE, SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, SHOES

Look of the week: the
combination on which
you build your look.
Clockwise from top:
"on-edge" leather golf
shoes by Nike (left),
Lululemon Golf for men,
Jas Gawronski (right),
Ferragamo (bottom),
and Footjoy (top).



The Esquire Guide

Club Wear

in golf, a sport? Well, that's not a's debatable question. It certainly requires a great degree of skill and coordination (as a sport does), but it doesn't require you to run around and sweat a lot (as a sport does). That being the case, you don't have to wear aerodynamically efficient body stockings. To improve your game, you just need some comfortable bags that'll look good. Like the game of golf itself, this is much harder than it appears—the rapid and intense sport has at times tested the boundaries of time with its use of, shall we say, creative plays and shades of Nantucket red. What we've done on the following pages is find the kinds of clothes, shoes, and bags that aren't going to embarrass you. Wearing these, you'll draw far more compliments in Hogs or Carmore than in Dungeness or Castroluck.

Golf Digested

The clothes on these pages are cut full for a good reason—not so you can knock back a few more at the moment's bat because they're going to help your game. Golf demands the greatest freedom of movement; your clothes can provide lost an unexpired tug or hitch and your perfectly calculated drive right into the drink. Furthermore, golf is frustrating enough; shouldn't you at least be sure to take a whole steady going out of your mind?

The Masters



D. Woods The look: Not a bad body-macho, athletic with a would-be serious manner, you don't think too much of him as a player.



E. Samuels Look of the moment: A serious, intense, almost a little bit of a mystery. He's a little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery.



F. Tiger He's a little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery. He's a little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery.



G. Woods The look: A little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery. He's a little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery.



H. Woods The look: A little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery. He's a little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery.



I. Woods The look: A little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery. He's a little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery.



J. Woods The look: A little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery. He's a little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery.



K. Woods The look: A little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery. He's a little bit of a mystery, but he's a little bit of a mystery.



Bags After you've dropped \$500 for a driver and taken delivery of your custom-forged mallet, what do you plan to carry them in? Maybe it's time to junk that old vinyl ("best 'ole leather") bag that you got at the hardware store and step up to something that will transport your beloved clubs in a safe and secure way before the inevitable price

a.



b.



c.



d.



A. THE STYLISH BROWN TUBULARS (INCLUDING THE BAG) ARE BY MARK BAGG, ATTACHED TO THE TRIPLE-STRAP SYSTEM (PROMINENTLY MARKED) IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAG. **B.** BROWN TUBULARS (INCLUDING THE BAG) ARE BY MARK BAGG, ATTACHED TO THE TRIPLE-STRAP SYSTEM (PROMINENTLY MARKED) IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAG. **C.** BROWN TUBULARS (INCLUDING THE BAG) ARE BY MARK BAGG, ATTACHED TO THE TRIPLE-STRAP SYSTEM (PROMINENTLY MARKED) IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAG. **D.** BROWN TUBULARS (INCLUDING THE BAG) ARE BY MARK BAGG, ATTACHED TO THE TRIPLE-STRAP SYSTEM (PROMINENTLY MARKED) IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAG.



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THE PUREST KENTUCKY BOURBON. MADE IN LAWRENCEBURG.

Esquire Life=

SPECIAL EDITORIAL SECTIONS ON GOLF in men's magazines are a lot like life. Each page, like each day, is limited only by our imagination and imagination, but the total number of pages is, alas, limited. Yes, and you have to find the right balance between text and graphics, just as in life you have to find the right balance between something and something else. And, if you spend a bit, you can see many, many additional ways in which special editorial sections on golf in men's magazines ("Ford" page 124) and life are alike, though none immediately come to mind.

We are, we'll admit, indulgent with these large-bore metaphors. And so we'll defer to our poetical brethren, who have given over countless hours to meditation on life and its next incarnations in the sport of golf (and, by extension, special editorial sections on golf).

"Golf is life, and not only that, life condensed." —M. Scott Peck, author of *The Road Less Traveled*, the best-selling self-helping book of all eternity, in last year's *Golf and the Spirit: Lessons for the Journey*, \$25.

"Golf is life and life is golf. The lessons learned are inter-changeable." —Leonard Finkel, in his *The Secrets to the Game of Golf & Life*, \$25.

"Golf and life are similar. There's nothing guaranteed to be far in either golf or life, and we shouldn't expect to be the deliverer." —Harvey Penick, in his legendary *Little Red Book*, \$15.

"Golf's ability to teach us many of life's most important lessons through exercising true values is what equated us to collaborate on *Chicken Soup for the Golfer's Soul*." —The editors of the invaluable life extension, \$15.

"Like life, golf is circular, a succession of passages; we are ever breaking through to another side—of the fairway, the rough, the green, of isolation, ignorance, illness, of fear, selfishness, denial." —Some guy writing in *The Tennis Era* last November.

"The children of the game are so similar to the parents of American life. Perennial losers, surrounded by hordes of fans or scorn." —Mikoyl Kaler, author of *The Boys of Summer*, \$15, which, now that we look at it, is actually about baseball, which, now that we think about it, is a lot more like life than golf is.

April



or at the very least has considered the metaphorical aspects of a higher caliber of past, like Roger Angell, Ring Lardner, Leonard Malmon, John Updike, and this guy.

"It's not going, that's the chief fact in connection with it, America's game, it has the snap, go, fling of the American atmosphere; it belongs as much to our institutions, fits into them as significantly as our Constitution's laws, is put in expression of the same kind of our business life." —Walt Whitman.

"The baseball is of baseball, blossoming in age and radiance this time of year, can-very into deep purple (It's about time and timelessness, speed and grace, before and later, imperishable hope—and coming home)." —Ken Burns, in *Baseball: An Illustrated History*, \$44, but none can quite match the scoring metaphor of the fly fishermen.

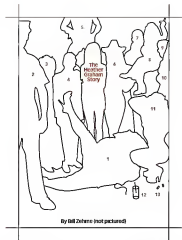
"To get them to live something connected to a love and pull them in a new world is managing a ball that brings down creatures from the ends of any way into the world of reality. It's a kind of creation." —Howard Kainer, the editorial-page editor of *The New York Times*, in *My Fishing Through the Middle Class*, \$54.

And speaking of baseball, there's one, which is "a metaphor for everything else in life," according to actress Natasha Lyonne, who ought to know, because she's a celebrity. "The sooner you get over the idea that it's not going to be perfect, the sooner you're going to realize that nothing is, really."

If you're a life and baseball is a life, then it follows that you're a baseball, a fact that can be affirmed by any eighth grader. Golf and fishing are also true, if you believe the blank-do-it-Mark Twain. Sports are fun and are in sports, and they are all life. It makes one suspect, though we may be going out on a limb here, that everything you can do, whether it brings extreme joy or extreme sadness, is life.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID CORWAT



By Bill Zehme (not pictured)

Courage, baby! All anybody wants is me. Probably we went too far away from babies and the Brits came and said enough is—let's have fun. Just a few! —G (and from a visiting magazine editor (not at Esquire) answering a magazine journalist's recent question, "What happened to this talent?"

I get so angry when I can't find a magazine that Heather Graham has just appeared in. Why doesn't everyone agree with me on this. I agree with Heather Graham on so many different matters. I wonder where Heather Graham shops for clothes. Some people don't care much for Heather Graham but I think that they are nuts! I can't think of any one more beautiful than Heather Graham. Everybody should be grateful to the parents of Heather Graham for bringing her into the world. I can't say this any louder. I don't care if everyone doesn't agree on this... —From the Web site celebrity fans combine has (page revised, "Here's places to get what you want about Heather Graham")

HERE IN THE NEW WORLD OF MAGAZINE MAKING, it is a distinct pleasure to give you precisely what you want. It is a pleasure most distinct. For instance, the serious persons who normally frequently appear on our covers without wearing very many clothes appear there for you and for people just like you. They know that you want them to appear there as much as we want them to, especially because you want them to. Often, these cover persons are photographed weeks before a writer is dispatched to describe their most useful and useful scenes—that which becomes the earliest of the text (that) that accompanies photographs like the ones you may be working at



grove [here]. Such was the case with myself and the beautiful Miss Heather Graham herself—Heather Joan Graham, as her parents named her on January 28, 1979, when she arrived in life, about which you are, or should be, extremely grateful I did not personally know Heather Joan Graham, the 14-year-old movie actress, at the time those photographs were taken (for post—another fellow was in charge of capturing her fine photomontage exposure camera equipment and artful composition)—but she would later tell me (once we began to know each other) that she had “fart” making the pictures. (She spoke enthusiastically of posing with a “frown” and “phallic-looking bottle” and “let women” and “showers.”) Heather, as she let me call her (a through a few times I was called her “Babe,” as only an older man might when he grows too beset of worldly, and, anyway, it seemed to make her laugh, which I thought not a shameless, ironic embodiment of “fart”—which her publicist had assured critics of this magazine during negotiations that led to Heather becoming our cover person [for you]. I agree with her publicist on that. She is, in fact, as well as five foot eight, blond, inquisitive, and fiscal, out, in compassion, full-breasted, agreeable, accommodating, spirited, worried that cell phones cause brain cancer, loyal to top secret (more covert), willing to make out with her boyfriend in public places, fond of yoga, and very fun. If certain people think otherwise or don’t care about such qualities, they are a probably gay man.

HERE IN THE NEW WORLD of celebrity spread, this is how things have been working. A writer is first permitted to access a famous subject’s workplace rather than the subject’s home (as mine, presumably), and then they Go Do Things together (or Create Events) so that the writer can observe the subject attempt to Approximate Reality, whereas the writer can then write about these experiences as though they were, in fact, actual and photographed happenstance, so that the reader will gain vicarious glimpses of revelatory behavioral traits, or conduct, thus not caught. If this sounds like fun, it is. Publishers and editors generally broker the details of such staged negotiations between client and writer, so that the usual evening will often feel like a blind date—either one set up by other people whose judgment (both parties pray) will be trustworthy. If this sounds exciting, it is. (Unless the situation brings together two heterosexual men, in which case it is what it is, and, as more, thank you very much [for instance, after much scheduling and many telephone calls, it was decreed that Heather Graham would cover my life—and I hers—one bleak winter afternoon in Venice, California, at a restaurant called Bu’s on Albee Kimes Boulevard, an odd though often dated with eclectic home furnishings store, where the reportedly wished to seek out objects for her house, but this turned out not to be true, but she hadn’t been able to come up with anything else to do. Subject, more often than not, depends on activities. Example: Marlon Stone once decided that she and I would receive massages together, then bake cookies. Another example: John Jay once decided that he and I would drink the juice of Harry’s blood in a room in which we could be angrily chased off the premises.) “See,” Heather confided to me, “I don’t really need to sleep for anything.” She is just that honest, by the way. She then asked me if I needed to sleep for anything (“May be you need to turn out some place, huh?”), which I didn’t, but I was touched that the lady asked. (This, I now understand, is part of her abundant charm, she is even concerned

about the needs of others) unlike many famous celebrities, who, as unlike many famous celebrities, also, she is not one self-absorbed. I suspect, she said, “My gubbin’ was like, ‘Can you think of a concept of something to do?’ And I’m like, ‘I don’t really do things that are really that fun.’ The ultimate laugh doing nothing. I like doing nothing with people like—maybe just sitting, laughing out and talking.” In a rare fit, it seemed, we were having fun doing nothing much of anything at all whatsoever. Still, I noticed many men notice her doing this with me. If he noticed any of this sort of, however, I didn’t notice.

HERE ARE SOME THINGS you will not learn (at the time) about Heather Graham (specifically bound as research) and about the first hour I spent observing her (for you), including various comments she made during that time. At Bu’s restaurant, she offered me a taste of her tea, which was griled (“I wonder if my ordering is too healthy”), but kept laughily trying to make a burger, of which she took several bites (at my own insistence). “Could I eat off a plate?” she asked, then answered after swallowing, “This is much better than meat.” We agreed that the special exposure was the reason. In fact, I agreed with her on many different matters. “Are’s onions good?” she cheerfully asked as one point (at turkey burger). Again, I agreed. Another: Once, before engaging in a love scene with John Myers, the comic actor, for the popular 1999 film *Austin Powers 2: The Spy Who Shagged Me*, in which she perfectly mimed the perfectly naive Felicity Shagwell, she ate some “really good raw onion,” made with a lot of onion and garlic, that hung back on her breath during the love scene, despite many sprays of Baccarat, causing Myers to start making remarks to her off camera. (He apparently commented that knowing experience is “kissing up a pure nut”—which she thought funny at the time, although I cannot say that I understood what he might have meant. By the way, in the 1999 film *Two Girls and a Guy*, she won a short-term kissing the actor Robert Downey Jr. for a very long period, during which they both asked their managers to prodigious efforts before he seemed to breathe his face between her buttocks, whereupon she made loud moaning sounds. She has not been out spoken with Downey since he went to prison, in case you were wondering. [It can’t you wonder how she approached the role of phallic Felicity Shagwell, who writhed quite and did other scary nasty things, she told me this. “I pretended I was really confident.” And then she laughed, as she will.

HERE IS WHERE IT WOULD BE GOOD to ponder the laugh of Heather Graham, and other sounds she makes, in some sentences. The New York Times recently characterized her laugh that way: “She has a laugh that contrasts with her Beyoncé vocal and casual complexion, a far performance Pryor (Dellars) who has her hair.” I do not agree with the Times on this. First, her skin is skin to some sort of dairy product in pale blond, pink your brand, and, yes, she has a “Beyoncé” demeanor (although I would call it deeper, like a brownish-brown, or maybe just a very serious, or a very, but not in a bad way, which can produce dozing loops of rapid exchange conversation which follow no discernible path (as is common among all lively minds). But there is nothing “fine” about this dozingly lowering film set, including her laugh, which, I will agree, usually begins with an ah, but a then followed by something closer to ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.



BY MIKE SAGER

yeaahhh

EVERY TIME YOU HEAR THAT SOUND, GOD HAS CREATED ANOTHER BILLIONAIRE. MARK CUBAN IS NUMBER 199.

baa
baaaaaaby

FORTY STORIES OVER DALLAS, A GUANOBOY FROM THE SKY LOOKS AT the Penthouse Club. A handsome guy in a fully leather bodysuit looks like a ripe morsel to all Harvard Business School alumni. Bankers and lawyers, cartmen and oil execs, they're dressed their best and paid money dollars each to have him speak. They crowd around him like schoolboys around a pro quarterback, hands reaching, faces aglow, like pilgrims around a prophet, a messenger from the promised land of three-comma personal worth. "How you doing, Here, Mark?" draws a surprised man in a gray suit, raising his voice from the front. "Just tryin' to keep out of trouble," says Mark Cuban,

dragging his shoulders, his feet two and two pounds, with a heavy brow and a crooked grin, a silk-line puller clinging tightly to the health club topology of his shoulders, he does look a bit like a quarterback, the kind who's just found out he's going to Disney World. His friends call him Cubes. "Your buddy in *The Wall Street Journal* tells a great story about you ordering a *Gulfstream*," says the man in gray, referring to a piece in the magazine's paper. "You got to love the plane," says a man in polyester.

"Absolutely!" affirms another man.

"Did you consider one of those three planes?" inquires another. "I did," says Cubes. "But then I thought, What's the reason to buy it? And the answer was: Because I can."

Forty-one years old, a few degrees south of handsome, Mark Cubes is a secret addition to the *Forbes* 400 list of the nation's wealthiest, ranked 339, higher than Ed Bass and Jerry Miller, just below Donald Trump and Charles Wang. His personal worth today totals about \$2.5 billion. Two thousand, five hundred million dollars—enough to spend a million a day, every day, for almost seven years. Not bad for a guy who started his career in business selling garbage bags door-to-door. His nickname back then was Polka. His date to the senior prom was a child.

On this blustery afternoon in early winter, with the market surfing another tsunami, Cubes has about had the air of a man-complex, as nearly as, a man who is feeling pretty darn good about himself just now, as if he knew all along his life would someday come around, but thanks looked casually over his allegoric belt, his straightaway

YUKO north-hack companion cradled under his arm, a berry of fraying, Ray-Lane or denim, surrounding him, looking in the last light of the fabulous possibility he embodies. If he couldn't do it, they are figurative, they can, too. They lean forward almost unconsciously, hanging on his every word, awaiting for some pearl, some virus, some clue.

"So you really ordered a GV by e-mail?" asks the man in the gray suit.

"Sure," says Cubes. "I sent them an e-mail and told them I wanted to test-drive it and check it out first, and I'll build it I would buy it. And they wrote like, 'Because me, who are you again?'"

"So what did you say?"

"I said: 'I'm a guy who's gonna write you a check for \$40 million, that's who I am.'"

The chorus erupts with delight, nodding approval all around.

"If you're gonna buy yourself anything for Christmas, don't be cheap," says the man in polyester.

"I have my little bit of soap," says Cubes, smacking like a novelty toy boy on spring break, a role he played frequently during his college days, a role he hasn't quite forgiven. "It was one of the three things I wanted. The first was the house. The second was the plane."

"What's the third?"

"Ah, ah, ah," says Cubes, his voice rising, childlike, playing in mystery. "I'm keeping that private just now."

Cubes' Grand Old Style Suite is—\$4,000,000. Four of the best and latest mortgages, his white rooms with diamond no ceilings. "I got bored," Cubes says. "I'd built a house the best I could and I'd lost it. I'd lost it."

ELEVEN IN THE MORNING BUNNY AND COOL BIRD SING IN the long lines of Preston Holdings, a stored North Dallas neighborhood where the houses are the Golden Corral. Deep lots, *Colonial* houses, high walls and some chemistry, old money and new, the pickup trucks and step-sons of maintenance workers parked every where, under craft serving a handlocked floor. Outside an imposing iron gate, you push a button on a call box. You wait.

Leaves clatter across the quiet street. Traffic flows in the distance, an undertrack of white noise, a faint trail of exhaust. A long black line rolls past. A *Hummer*. A pair of red *Pontiacs*. *Dodge* cars. Dallas—a city with many past lives—castle, oil, and steel, asbestos—a city yet again reborn. Through the ornate scrollwork of the gate, you can see down the cobbled drive, past the carriage house and guard station to the brand new French Renaissance-style house, set stone with a slate roof—a historical twenty-foot-thousand square feet, massive, *handcrafted* down upon seven lush acres of wooded grounds, complete with a guest house, a wine cellar, an eight-car garage, and, by the pool, a three-story party pavilion covered with a stately Jeffersonian colonnade. Gas lamps flicker outside the front porch. The waters of a fountain dance serenely in the corner of the circular driveway, where an Cuban's black '98 *Leam SUV*, along with a golf cart and several cars. Gardeners are lined out across the property, plowing ground cover, handling the job the previous owner left undone, at set two years and \$20 million. Once a national leader in home-mortgage refinancing, he's facing bankruptcy now—another

time, another IPO, another bubble. Cubes paid \$15 million for the place. The moment he took possession, he made \$3 million. You push the button on the call box once again.

At last the gate opens slowly inward. You drive in, park, climb several steps past a pair of stone urns. The double doors are massive, carved mahogany, twice the tall, reminiscent of a castle. One door is cracked open a few inches. As you step in, pushing with some effort, you are greeted by the remarkable sonic assault of the custom-built, club-quality sound system that Cubes has just installed throughout the house, on the basketball court, by the pool—the best thumping, electrifying, deafening noise of vintage funk booming off the white hand-cut marble floors, swirling around the apex of the dramatic three-story entryway, vibrating the crystal stairways of an immense chandelier that outweighs the only piece of furniture in evidence, a large rectangular dining table with room for at least twenty. George Clooney's *My Man*. "Send My Fingers," Cubes booms over the room and speaking list. "What did I tell you?" he shouts, a guy in a nightclub trying to be heard. "Is this the fuckin' greatest?" He does a little dance, eyes shut, head bobbing. "Wise you out there long?"

He pops a spin, a neat 140, then dances across the slick floor toward a doorway, hand aloft, finger wiggling, the lounge escape billboards. Back in college, before he bought the bar, before the bar was closed down by authorities for staying too-Tahiti on suits—or rather, for awarding first prize was right to a woman, your old who was on probation for prostitution—Cubes had



AT A BROWN-CATHERINE party after the 1992 election, David Rhodes, the dean of Washington reporters, commented to me that my *Classmate* colleagues and I seemed so, well, so young, to him. "I guess you Baby Boomers are really taking over," he said. ¶ That's when it happened. I'd never been called a Boomer before. Poor Rhodes. My oxygen supply and my liver got so. The room in my temples throbbed. The look on his face was horrible. He must have thought I was about to rip off his head and spit down his neck. Which I was. ¶ "I am not a Baby Boomer!" I snapped. "I am so tired of hearing about the god-damn Baby Boomers! I've spent my whole life swimming behind this garbage barge of a generation. They ruined everything; they've passed through and left me in their wake." ¶ Rhodes shook his head and walked away. ¶ But the garbage barge just chugs on. As they enter late middle age, the Boomers still can't grow up. Gays who once dropped acid are now downsizing. Virgins, women who once suckered lip-lips are now getting lip-liposition. At the risk of losing their narcissism, I believe it's time someone stated the simple truth: The Baby Boomers are the most self-centered, self-asking, self-concerned, self-absorbed, self-indulgent, self-aggrandizing generation in American history. ¶ I hate the Boomers.

UNFORTUNATELY, it's a little late to put it this way. If they were animals, they'd be a plague of locusts, devouring everything in their path and leaving behind a wasteland. If they were plants, they'd be kudzu, choking off every other living thing with their shrunken mass. If they were actors, they'd be abstract expressionists, concerned only in the emotions of their movement—not in the lasting result of the creative process. If they were a brain-

the worst generation

By Paul Begala

Or, how I learned to stop worrying and hate the Boomers



bull dick, they'd be the Honda Maids, peppy-punk dancin' who bought their way to prominence, then disbanded—a temporary phenomenon like no other.

Of course, it is as unfair to denigrate an entire generation as it is to claim intrinsic virtue gender or race or a class. And I don't literally mean that everyone born between 1946 and 1964 is a selfish pig. But generations can have a unique character that defines them, especially the elites of a generation—these kids (few who are blessed with the money or brains or looks or skills or education that typifies us so). Whether it was Fitzgerald and Hemingway defining the Lost Generation of World War I and the Roaring Twenties, or JFK and the other heroes of the World War II generation, or the high-tech whiz kids of the post-Boomer generation, certain stereotypes define certain times.

the present. What is why teenagers left the old world for the new. That is why, perhaps, such as yours, sacrifice to send their children to universities like this one. The American ideal is that the few who can be better before the public, and that each of us has a personal, moral obligation to make it so."

I'll go back to President Clinton in a minute. But first, let us conclude that by his old professor's word, the Boomers have been a considerable failure. At nearly every crucial juncture, they have pandered to the present in the future, they've put themselves ahead of their parents, ahead of their country, ahead of their children—a head of their future.

THEY STAYED WITH THE STATUS. The Boomers' dominant belief. While a few courageous young people like John Lewis and the Freedom Riders risked their lives—and others like Andrew Goodman, James Chaney, and Medgar Evers gave their lives—and a single movement was led by pre-Boomers like Martin Luther King Jr. (who should be remembered if he were alive today) and continued without support from the Boomers on college campuses.

Well, I must say this. If you were an offshoot young people who did not then live to fight a war in the service, when put first back on the line to serve voters, who marched and sang and taught and preached against segregation, you stood as the best reflection of any Boomer's trade. In that moment of conscience and courage, you did more work than I do now I've done in all the rest of my life. In a generation of selfish pigs, you were saints.

But the reality is that most campuses did not become hotbeds of sweet anti-the Boomers' precious hearts were at risk as the Vietnam War escalated. They didn't want to be in the war because they were sheltered by something like both John Lewis again, if they had been, they wouldn't have spent on those working-class kids when they came home from Vietnam, or tried to make heroes out of the Communists who were trying to kill them.

them, but is the Boomer in Chief typical of his generation? That, pardon me, depends on what the meaning of *is* is.

Yes, as troubling as that may be, the water was in many ways the Boomers' finest moment. It was at least a fact that it proved to care about social justice at home and was abroad, to speak out against pollution and prejudice. But it was mostly just talk. As they came of age, and as children might have hoped of some real specific, idealism suddenly became unfathomable.

And to the Boomers' concern over the Vietnam war was a thought to pushing up where King and the Kennedy left off. Without a war to threaten them, their selfishness came into full bloom. Yes, because the war had been, since a long-time cause of hip music and, because more common than the day. And speaking of sexually transmitted diseases, the Boomers began to associate with such attitudes that babies were asking them to call them out. They didn't want sex or drugs or rock 'n' roll, but they damned sure wanted them all.

And don't give me this crap about Boomer justice. The Beatles were all born before the end of the war. So was Jane. So were the Boomers can claim they had the time to listen to good pop. Boomers, when it came then they had to make music, the true expression of their generation, what did they give us?

Clara. The generation that came before the Boomers gave them Dylan. The Boomers gave us KC and the Sunshine Band. Thanks a lot, Uncle! Perhaps it is a bar of an overstatement. Some friends of

some have suggested it's an average to ignore Billy Bosters Bruce Springsteen, for one. Too much.

But even more than that, our remarkable economy in what does and delivers the times we live in today. And as the generation in the economic dream, the Boomers should get the credit for building this remarkable prosperity, right?

Well, not quite. Nothing can do act on the breathing unemployment of Boomers like Bill Gates and Steve Jobs. But what's interesting is that much of today's prosperity comes as a result of the high-tech young adults of the post-Boomer generation than to the Boomers themselves. The same vital role the Boomers have in the current economy is as it is their brains and sweat in just Boomer high-tech start-ups. The same folks who spent all their parents when they were making any sense, as they get, getting into the industry of their young, brothers and sisters.

Boomer political and economic values reached their most perfect expression under the Boomers' president Ronald Reagan in the eighties. Some very thought, by all the factory workers, shuffling a lot of papers, built an economy in which a few people get the gold mine and most people get the shaft.

The same Boomers who led in classrooms to avoid Vietnam while poor and money kids got shot at used their old education on the right to lay off the folks who got shot at and survived. The Reverend Jesse Jackson used to say that the eighties were based on this change: energy, purge, and submerge. Merge companies, purge workers, submerge communities. No one of this hope, money, desire, the wealth trap now. Follow Boomers, it's every man for himself.

The age of greed, led by a generation of debt, in the economy into the debt. The massive, selfish cars can produce even more massive deficits and debt, which the Boomers passed on to those who followed. Having to come up with their parents' credit cards, the Boomers found a way to escape on these kids' credit cards. Boomers like Rush Limbaugh like to say we owe Ronald Reagan's debt we can never repay. Yeah, Stan, about \$3 trillion.

It is telling that when he ran for reelection, Ronald Reagan got higher support among Boomers than he did from his fellow older Americans. Perhaps some of the Greatest Generation saw the selfishness in Reaganism, saw the cheating hardness, the mean spirit shown in cutting social lunches and selling their kitchen up to a vegetable, and turned away from it. And yet did the Boomers see these same qualities, that same selfishness, and embraced it.

WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO THE BOOMERS IN CHIEF. It's not for nothing that Pulitzer-prize-winning author David Mamet called the biography of Bill Clinton *First as the First*. It's interesting to note that the same Boomers who supported Reagan were likely to vote for Clinton than the World War II generation was.

But is the first Boomer president typical of his generation? That, pardon me, depends on what the meaning of *is* is.

Clinton's right-wing critics seem to be his personal failings to point a caricature of the ultimate times before: post-sexual, drag-dodging womanizer, the Madonna of all selfishness—the kind of guy New Gingrich called a "cockroach in a suit." But Clinton's profile again has a look, he's grossly kept faith with all the people. Quid? His bias, politics, and philosophy is to prefer the future to the present and to more commitment values over selfish individualism. His most profound emotion is empathy. To this day, he's widely admired for dealing in a way who was dying of AIDS, "I feel your pain." But feeling someone's pain is not compassion, which locally means "to feel with." A

most gay Boomers sentiment, indeed.

In a classic example of preferring the future to the present, Clinton gave a terrible political bet in voting twice to pay down the deficit. The party lost the House and Senate, but over time the economic policies worked, and because he was willing to pay the short-term price, we enjoy the long-term economic benefits.

But if in his public policy Clinton has been so successful, in his personal failings he has given ample fodder to his critics and much heartache to those of us who love him. Having an affair with a young woman and lying about it is a stupid and selfish act. And Bill Clinton loses with the knowledge that he has caused a family's unmeasurable pain. But it was not actually a sin against his family, not yours. You should be get away with it? Get away with it? Because he won't feel his own children and a heartache on the Internet, a screaming, your worst, most shameful moments.

He didn't get away with that.

And if I had to choose, I'd rather have a leader who was honest to his family than strong to the country than the other way around.

Well, I cannot deny that Clinton's personal sin—selfishness—is the very one I do not want his generation to do. But he is classically, tragically Boomer: curious of his faults explains the unmeasurable damage done to some of his Boomers' children in the media. It's as if they're saying, How dare he believe like one of us?

IT IS MY VIEW THAT THE FIRST CLASS. Boomer politician is not Bill Clinton but the man who despises him, George W. Bush. A cheating and dishonest guy, Bush has cheated through life on his family's money and his family's name. He went to the best schools. And while at those schools, he served in the model for One in a Million House. He went into business (backed by family wealth) and failed. World again. Failed. And again—well, you get it. He failed by such a much when his father's wealthy supporters made him the fictional managing partner of the Texas Rangers. Bush used his Boomer charm to con the good people of Arlington, Texas, into raising their taxes to build his Rangers a new stadium. When the team was sold in 1998, Bush made a profit of more than \$14 million.

And what does Bush do for us, after this life of selfishness, Boomer selfishness? Lessons about personal responsibility? We have a word for that in Texas: *chutzpah*.

The specter of Bush the Son striving to avenge Bush the Father brings us to the question: How could the World War II generation—the Greatest Generation—have raised the Worst Generation?

I put that question to Ron Barkow, chairman of the Greatest Generation. Barkow was born in 1940, so he's not a Boomer's childhood. Not in his case. "I have one lost on each side of the coin," he says. Raised with World War II values in the Midwest, Barkow was having his children and seeing a lot to work on the coast. And yet he is charitable to the Boomers.

So when the Boomers were so spoiled, Barkow threatens, was their parents' understandable desire to compensate for their own deprivation. "Even those who had not really known poverty in the Depression still had a harder life than most of us can imagine today," he says. "Think about it: My mother worked a manual job. Most women did manual labor in the home as well. In many parents from that generation have said to me, 'We had to have, we wanted children to have to move.' And so they spoiled them."

The transformation of America from the stern to the sweet was perhaps the most rapid and radical in our history. "We're used to it because we've adapted," says Barkow. "Especially the wealth. Many men of the World War II generation had been fighting through their careers." They'd known [continued on page 164]



He is certainly the most prominent of his generation? That, pardon me,

You know who you are. If you grew your hair and learned your dance and on campus during the sixties, if you smoked, learned, and hoped you may through the seventies, if you voted for Reagan and believed "Gerald R. Ford" in the eighties, and if you're trying to make up for it now by voting as you look about the collapse of "family values," you're it. It is not, even if demographics call you a Boomer, nor possibly have our government's choice as much as I do.

It is my conclusion that the single greatest sin a generation can commit is the sin of selfishness. And it's from this stand and that I know my basic conclusion: I've not alone a life view, of course. The Boomer in Chief, my former boss, Bill Clinton, used to tell me about an influential professor he'd had at Georgetown. His name was Carroll Quigley, and he taught young Bill Clinton and hundreds of other Haynes about seven of the last of the human preference.

I can still see Clinton doing his Quigley impression, eyes full of mischief, his voice an Arkansas version of a bad Boomer accent, as we listened around in a bar to hear that a thunderstorm was on its way. Clinton, our companion played back an EP, "Manly Republics," he'd come to be looked at in the night he he looks pecked on the end of his nose. "Why is America the greatest country in the human history?" The Few-shin Pre-ference. At every critical juncture, we have published the few-shin to

AND YOI! THOUGHT ONE OF
THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYERS WAS
SQUANDERING HIS TALENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL LEWIS

Today,

Happy
at Last

By Tom Chiarella



John

Daily grabs me on his Saturday morning morning—XXXL Katanbacker T-shirt, bellies blue jeans, and rubber socks. He might have rolled out of bed in these very clothes. He runs a hand over his stubble, a goatee appears to be rising. His head has been clipped to a uniform length. His eyes are crazy, swimming in the sunlight. He would appear to be a mess.

"Long night?" I ask.

"Yeah, we had some boys over," he says. "Playing a little round of poker, drinking a bunch of beer. Made one believe me to." He signs on a pair of chinos—the trademark Oakleys, which are on his feet all yellow and loose, giving him a remarkable distance, even at close range. His eyes relax behind the glasses. He is smiling.

He's not big. At best, not like I expected. Maybe five eleven, maybe 225. He has gained weight since he started drinking again last year, just as he gained it when he quit drinking several years ago, just as he gained it when he started drinking again before that. He drags the weight, then he gains it back. It's just part of the ride. He doesn't care.

He's remodeling a house in Dardanelle, Arkansas, at the foot of the Ozarks, and, like her, the house is deep in plastic. A gas has no dose. An expense of mud lying in wait for heavy rolls of soil. A slab of concrete. The surface of a pool spread on the ground is red paint. The only finished element appears to be the decks, which is dented with brass medallions, each stamped with the logo of his beloved Rockwell of the University of Arkansas. "I'm raising all this out," Daily says, waving an arm at the done way. "It doesn't show off the Hogs the way I want." He scratches his chin again, the feathering of whiskers. He's drinking, reminding himself of something, checking something off a mental list. "I'll get you that guy," he says. Then he looks at me as if I might be that guy himself. "I gotta call him today." On the couch beside him, just the golf course behind him, a gambler raps out

IF THERE WAS A PARTY HERE LAST NIGHT, if people were drinking and smoking cigarettes and telling beer, there is no sign of it now. The kitchen is so clean it can be, sunlight pouring in a column to the sink. The walls of each room are plastered with the memorabilia of celebrity, among the normal guys that John Daily has collected since 1991, the year of his improbable rise at the PGA Championship, a moment played that year on a particularly cheap, noticeably long course called Crooked Stick. He retired as an alternate, a twenty-five-year-old unknown, and won the thing without playing a practice round. It was a fair moment for golf. The good of his eyes on a jet and all his, raw power, and determination to claim the title, outside shore with the best in the world. He gave hope to all golfers, even the amateurs, dispelling the image of the sport as a dissection of the club. With the wings broken, the lion got, and the electric he had paid for himself. Daily represented anything but the golfers' come to know. And when he held the trophy over his head, he either staggered or staggered. From the start, it was tough to see.

A stipend of the \$120,000 check he won at Crooked Stick kept him above a blowup in his dining room, as do various framed newspaper clippings transcribing everybody's favorite John Daily stories—society and sobriety—recording the scandalous time, if not fate.

Daily emerges from Jerry Ford with new jeans.
Daily enters the world again at St. Andrews.
Daily threatens wife, court date set.
Daily's divorce final.
A loss again, Daily quickly finds focus.
Daily drinking again.
Wilson signs Daily.
Daily reaches hotel room.
Wilson drops Daily.
Daily sobers again.
California signs Daily.
California covers Daily's \$1.7 million gas-bagging losses.
California drops Daily.
Daily drinking again.

As I scan the wall, Daily looks over my shoulder, taking it all in. "There's a lot there," he says. "Don't you think?" There's one one bit of it he won't talk about, either. He will talk again, he says, this year at once. And in for sobriety, well, the hell with it. "I got tired of throwing myself at something I wasn't," he says before we even sit down, leaning against an island in his kitchen, soaping the counter with a sponge in ordered, precise strokes. "Sometimes I would quit on my own, and that was fine. But when I wanted a drink, I wanted a drink. Just like anybody else. It wasn't like I wanted a drink or I wouldn't die."

Anyone familiar with the rehab arena knows how we're supposed to deal with this sentiment. Deal it as a cruel master, they'll say, though he walks through the valley of contemplation. I remind him that the Twelve Steps expect this. He shakes his head.

"The worst mistake I ever made was admitting that I was an alcoholic," he says, "because I gave them all the power. Anything I do then, there's only one way to go. Now, I either go that way or everybody wants me off."

With that, he lights another cigarette. "Man, I'm hungry."

The phone rings and Daily leaves me there, standing among the stories and photos. One thing this wall of clippings shows is that, over the past decade, he has been unable to reconcile the various versions of himself. He has moments he is John Glenn, straight out of the battlefield, improbably hitting the masses, master of grandstanding, giving everyone a look at it from the jarring perspective of outer space, and as the master of Gas Goggles, blowing the door open quickly, blowing the capsule, blowing in flowers.

One looking at a stock photo of Daily, deep in his backswing, knee cocked, club daily past parallel. It is a single—Daily all coiled up, preparing to pitch. It is a swing with an own master, a swing worth seeing in person. Truth be told, if you could see only one thing on the PGA Tour, you'd want to see Augusta, you'd want to follow Tiger for a round, catch Arnold Palmer before he's gone, and watch John Daily hit balls in the practice cage.

When Daily hits the stage, it is a bit like an eclipse. People seem to be afraid to look directly at him, at all—the John Daily even. They judge him, they stare about twenty feet, as if he owed them the act of being the lone one, as if they had a stake in his career. They trade stories, nod like signs, as he waits his way from one club to the next, usually making every hole in the game. They go right here in front. John Daily is the longest lower in the back, under the stars, under the stars, under the stars. They go right here in these headlines. Long John Daily. He's got one of his best, under the stars to the world, but he struggles with the press. He laughs when he plays. Really laughs. He's also everybody's favorite wreck.

When Daily finally returns the kitchen, he's got a cell phone in the crook of his neck. He's on hold with his aid and supplier, and he



A popular Diet Coke, a pack of smokes, four removers, and Shanae. Daily's girlfriend. What more does a guy need?

like this whole interview thing seems, he wants to emphasize that he knows what he's learned. He wants to get that out of the way. "I'll tell you my lessons," he says, tapping his fingers one by one. "I don't drink and drive. I don't drink every day. I don't drink so get drunk." He grabs a Diet Coke from a cooler on the kitchen floor and jingles his keys in his pocket. "It's all common sense. You can figure that out on your own. I read the Twelve Steps. I know the book. I respect the steps. I think about them every day." He looks out the window. He's done for now. John Daily wants to eat.

WE'RE ON THE STREETS OF DARDANELLE in Daily's black Mercedes. Riding shotgun is his twenty-three-year-old girlfriend, Shanae, a former Big 12 hurdler, who gives out the window disinterestedly. She's got a boofy Mike Smith CD playing just for laughs. "You get wearing this out," she says. "It's hard to find. It's not legal." She has

a tired look about her. She wants to go work out, but instead she's here with me, going for just food at 10:45 in the morning. In the back, next to me, is Daily's friend Bud Sell, a Baycom Tour player currently crashing at Daily's house. He's struggled with his game lately, having bombed the Q-school last November, and he's come to hang with Daily in preparation for the next few months of Monday golfers. He has an Arkansas bar-pubbed look on his head, his forehead bandaged by the regular Oakleys. They crack each other up.

"Two choices," Daily says. "Face it or McDonald's."

"Ain't no choice?" Bud shoots. "Ain't no choice at all? I need a burger. I need a burger bad."

Daily snorts. The road through the barbecue shacks, McFlurry shops, Video-naps. Daily says. He knows it. He points to a man in the distance. "That's our famous Mount Nobs," he says. Shanae perks up. "That's where John proposed to me." "What's up there?" I ask.

"I don't know," Daly says. "Fish from I believe they have a lot of fish lives up there." No one comments. A dog runs alongside the car, then goes.

As the drive through, Daly orders by numbers. "Ones and threes for everybody." He supervises all of us without asking. What there any questions?

The kid at the window doesn't seem to recognize him or even notice the gleaming car. When I offer to pay, Daly shakes his head. "You buy my new one. I'll take care of you."

"That's right," Bud says. "This is John's town. Every bit of it. Just look at it." That just cracks them up.

DALY EATS MEMPHIS, and his hunger seems to vanish, bite by bite, as the moment I look away. He's crumpling a little, like, causing his most recent trip to rehab, made at the insistence of Fly Callaway, Daly's sponsor at the time. He lured him that a day. "People say I turned around at the gate. That ain't right. I went

in, I was there overnight. The place was filthy, right away, patients were telling me they could get me booze, roach, cocaine. I figured, screw it. I knew what was going on."

The moment he checked himself out of rehab, Daly said goodbye to a reported \$15 million endorsement deal, pairing with his second sponsor in three years. See memorabilia: he contains the only pennies down on the N&H Tour, or so any sport for that matter, without a huge compensation package from a major corporate sponsor.

Daly sits in his seat, sucks on his Diet Coke, and casts an eye at the corners of the room. "They took away every choice, even the little ones. It just wore me down. Really, the hardest part for me was they won't let me have Diet Coke. Cigarettes, yes. Coke, no. It made no sense. At Berry Field, at least they tried to reach you. This place was the opposite. They said they had that machine. But I had it bad at it. People think I worked out because I couldn't handle it. I just didn't respect the method. Not there, anyway." He lights a cigarette, draws on it in following a

rage. He glances back at a corner. "Callaway," he mutters.

Daly is a gentle guy. Today, *any way* his mood strains away, as if he might against the entire room with a single run. He's heavy and hard to see, and the way he frowns and takes up around the house is hard to comprehend. He doesn't mind throwing stuff all over a table—cups, aluminum, even pins, letters, napkins—like when he stands to leave the room, he cleans up. "That's a mess," he says. Shamus shakes his head. "It's a mess. Drives me crazy."

Daly wipes the table, then stands at the sink, mutters, "I used all those things. I took Food and Protein, they made me feel like a ghost. I didn't want to play. I didn't care enough to practice. I don't care for those drugs. I don't see any answer there."

"You can be added to most, as far as I'm concerned," he says, looking out in the eye and laughing. "Who else would I run as a coach or a doctor?" When I point out that he might be taking the line between addiction and compassion, he agrees. "There's a whole lot of compassion in the world." He paces. "Dance! I gotta call Ray!" He means himself and disappears into the bedroom for another call. He looks away from this as often, I begin to wonder if he's doing it for pity or for

AT FIVE O'CLOCK, JOHN DALY HAS A LITE BEER. The alcohol's big moment. Okay, I say to myself, here we go. This is when he'll roll off the cliff. He cracks the one without a flourish, without the standard late-in-the-morning pause to the day's first beer. An hour ago, Bud poured me an absurdly large Crown and Coke, and I've been chugging wolfily at my plastic cup ever since. I'm hunched. "I'll tell you what," Daly says tentatively. "You boys are going to end some more whiskey."

He holds up the bottle. Three fingers left. The right is well looking at a rock or a hammer, a brick. No burger. Bud has told me Daly doesn't drink whiskey. I shrug. "Want one to get some?"

"No," Daly says. "You for You shouldn't drink." Daly smirks the one, hits on the belt, then digs around in a bag for a Lite Saver, moon out a cherry, and pops it in his mouth. He snaps his fingers in truck aspiration. "We need to play some music. Do you play?" He asks, straining in air guitar.

I know two chords, which I learned one night on a headbar and have remembered ever since. "Only if I'm drunk enough," I say. Daly laughs, talking the Lite Saver in his mouth. "Do what you can, then," he says. "Cause I want to play."

Shamus, however, doesn't want to play. He wants to talk. To John. She's back in the kitchen, dancing for his attention. It's one of a family scene, the kind of routine, figured with one many rooms and doors, that I play out in the shiny kitchens of my brothers' and sisters' in law. Every once in a while, Shamus pulls open his robe to flash John. "You like this muscle, bi-bi?" she says, fixing her robe.

Bud assesses her eyes. "Oh, Lord," he says. "Don't go there." I'm filming it all with a digital camera, which I'm using instead of a tape recorder for the interview. Daly loses it. "That's a helluva thing," he says of the camera, taking his eyes off Shamus. "You know, I have a couple of those."

"A couple?"

"They give them away at different restaurants." He takes the camera from my hand, regards it the way you might regard a goose. "I don't even know what that was." He walks out and comes back in after a moment, holding two cameras and three tape recorders. Pretty soon, we're all filming one another—me filming Daly, Daly filming Shamus, Bud filming all of it—and women to what, exactly? Four people, a kitchen, a bag of chips. Shamus

still wears John's sweater. She pulls back her robe. "Don't show me that, baby!" he says, filming away. "Not unless you want to put it on a show." Bud starts filming the two of us another Crown and Coke. We decide to move to Segarra's tent, since we're a set of Crown. Daly moves his head. He wants to play a game.

"If we can on record," he says to me, "what animal would it be?" "There's an old interview rule, a stupid one, the kind of comedian. Right? But he would rule, only Daly's got it nailed. He's asking me about him. But I'm drunk, and I keep up my eyes and take a long look. "A bear, maybe," I say.

DALY PUTS DOWN HIS BEER, PICKS UP A GUITAR. "SING WITH ME," HE SAYS. "IT'S DYLAN, MAN. YOU CAN'T LOSE." AND NOW HE'S AT THE MIKE, HIS VOICE RESONANT AND DEEP. "M. M. TAKE THIS BADGE OFF OF ME." HE SINGS. "I CAN'T USE IT ANYMORE."

He shakes his head. "That's taken." "You could be an affiliate. I like that." "Muh, man, they're ugly. I can't gaze." "You could be a hit," I say—and it could work, no-the-hat, shaved close to the head now, that will be golden by summer, the low-slung balls, the whiskers, the huge, broad face, friendly and odd all at once.

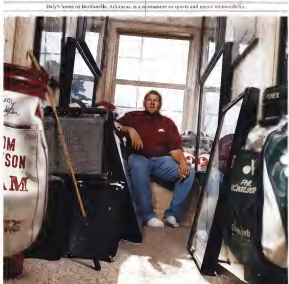
Daly's pleased. "You got it? On the Rodriguez call me that once. He said, 'You're like a lion, coming everybody, walking around.' I try to think of myself as a lion, baying down the hill, controlling the jungle. A lion controls his people." He nods. "I can read the jungle. That's the way I run my day now."

Bud rubs on a coin, cracking another Diet Coke to mix with the whiskey.

AN HOUR LATER: Daly says something about playing cards and I perk up. "I have no idea what you mean, Tim," he says. "But cards." "You'll be giving it to him, Tim. He's good." "I can read," Daly says. "I have money back in my right. That was hard enough. I just don't enjoy poker that much."

Wish Daly, issues of money are totally skewed. Earning \$2.7 million at the games seems to have hurt him less than the money he dropped in Bardonia last night. But, as usual, he is utterly at ease with his babies and launches into the saga of his gambling, not as a cautionary tale so much as a cameo anecdote. He says he started with blackjack, then Caribbean stud, then craps, before finally settling in at the dogs, eventually working his way from the \$100 to the \$500 machines.

"Man are great. You work damn hard hours, look up, and people are watching you. You look back down and you'll never know they were there. The other way is like the horse completely alone, on my own, like on a cross-country drive. When you check your watch, thirty hours have gone by. It was scary low for money. I got." There came a time when he was routinely taking \$30,000 markers in order to keep it rolling, and it's estimated that he blew



Daly's home in Bardonia, Arkansas, is a monument to sports and music memorabilia.

ESQUIRE STYLE

Fore!

... or six pages of what designers are doing with the world's most difficult style challenge: **GOLF**

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The Essential Eighteen

THE MOST IMPORTANT GOLF COURSES IN AMERICA

Illustration by John Collier

THE GAME BEGINS WITH
THE LAND ON WHICH IT IS
PLAYED. PLAY THESE COURSES
AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND
WHERE THE GAME COMES FROM,
WHERE IT HAS BEEN, AND
WHERE IT IS GOING. AND OH,
YEAH, ONE OF THEM IS NOT IN
THE UNITED STATES.

Photo
by
John
Collier



By Tom Doak

1. THE OLD COURSE, St. Andrews, Scotland. Three hundred years older than Old Tom Morris, the Old Course is the fountainhead of the game. The seminal American designers began there. Donald Ross was an apprentice in William Forsyth's oak-making shop; Charles Blair Macdonald and A. W. Tillinghast learned the game while attending St. Andrews University. Oliver Mackenzie mapped the Old Course, and a copy of his map hung prominently in Bob Jones's office. And Jack Nicklaus won two of his greatest victories here, in the British Opens of 1970 and 1978. Every great golf course's design goes back to the timeless strategies of St. Andrews. »

3. GARDEN CITY GOLF CLUB, Garden City, New York. *Lawrence Hunter and Walter Traut, 1938.* A far-from-peaceful place by day, but by night the best of the French Riviera. Its uniquely mild greens are simply no occasion of the fair way, but the challenge remains daunting through a hundred years of technology, and the reason is simple: It's hard to get the ball close to the hole when you have to allow for a breeze—and that's true whether you're hitting a fairway wood or a wedge.

3. OAKMONT COUNTRY CLUB, Oakmont, Pennsylvania. *William and Henry Jones, 1903.* A club that has helped in role as America's toughest championship test of golf, most famously demonstrated in the U.S. Open of 1935, when only Sam Parks broke 300 over four rounds. Its huge, fair greens are full of undulations the likes of which were not found in Scotland, and they created a new standard for America's elite courses.

4. NATIONAL GOLF LINKS OF AMERICA, Southampton, New York. *Charles Elmer MacKenzie, 1909.* Concerned by the fact of U.S. Amateur champion as an ideal course to further the art of golf and recreation in America—and it did just that, gaining worldwide acclaim as the first course outside Britain to model

after a fairway that for the pros and the amateurs in A.M.C.'s annual clubhouse, it was (and still is) the worst, ideal greens that make the course an enduring challenge.

5. PINE VALLEY GOLF CLUB, Clemmons, New York. *George Cough, 1912-23.* Half an hour outside Philadelphia, this epic course is laid out with island fairways surrounded by the windy waters of the Pine Barrens. Architects of the day recognized that its bold and difficult design could not be the norm, but modern designers have arrived on grand scale, the solution of each hole—and its reputation as America's best course.

6. WINGED FOOT GOLF CLUB, Mamaroneck, New York. *Paul and West courses by A.W. Tillinghast, 1923.* The epitome of the northeastern parkland course, with thousands of small, well-guarded, undulating greens, which the architect conceived in human form. "Of course, there are many greens [on other courses] which are more impressive than the scenic, raw but expression of some people," Tillinghast wrote, "but then again there are some with rugged profiles which loan head and shoulders above the common herd." The woods from which the course was cut made such a dramatic impression that other famous courses retired across from fields were placed with hundreds of trees to resemble in-



Below: The famous hole at Pebble Beach, as seen in 1929. Right: A gallery watches the Grueney Pro-Am on the Bloor's in Cypress Point, 1961.

the best links courses. Several holes are modeled after MacKenzie's favorite links overseas. There are some unusual blind shots, but it's a course loaded with imagination, strategy, and fun.

7. MERION GOLF CLUB (EAST COURSE), Andrews, Pennsylvania. *Phyllis Wilson, 1911.* A brilliant design created after just 126 acres on Philadelphia's Main Line. It was the scene not only of Ben Hogan's towering 1950 comeback U.S. Open victory but also of Bobby Jones's clinching of the Grand Slam in 1930. The quarry that dominates the finishing holes is truly famous, but it was Wilson's "white-faced" bunkers, rising out of the fairway so be visible from the tee, that were adopted by his pupil William Flynne and by other Philadelphia architects such as Tillinghast, George Thomas, and George and Tom Fane, and that became America's standard.

8. PEBBLE BEACH GOLF LINKS, Pebble Beach, California. *Jack Neville and Douglas Grant, 1919, with revisions by McClure Fowler Jr., Chandler Fyfe, and Jack Nicklaus.* The famed Cal-Biaza-sun resort is an American icon, and it's allowed the legendary golf-downtime resort. The new holes along the Pacific make it famous, thanks to developer Sam and Moore's formidable in preserving the coastal property for ages upon and setting the human back-

9. CYPRESS POINT FIELD, Pebble Beach, California. *Alister MacKenzie, 1918.* The most dramatic meeting of land and sea in golf. MacKenzie was the first to insist that a great golf course should be a beautiful one, and there is no more beautiful example of his theory. There are fewer holes along the cliffs than at neighbor Pebble Beach, but the island links among the Monterey cypress trees provide a beautiful contrast of scenery, and then the course winds its way across the dunes, building toward a climax at the rocky seventh and seven north holes on the point bluff.

10. AUGUSTA NATIONAL GOLF CLUB, Augusta, Georgia. *Alister MacKenzie and Bobby Jones, 1933.* As late to the annual Masters Tournament, Jones's manuscript to golf has been the scene of more dramatic moments than any other championship course, yet the club is constantly reworking the design to ensure that it continues to challenge the world's best players. One thing it hasn't changed is the severely undulating greens, which are so hard to approach that Jones and MacKenzie decided that no rough was necessary. If you're out of position on the fairway, it takes a miraculous shot to get close to the hole. In recent years, the beautiful green fairways that television brings us from Augusta the first week of April have set an impossible standard for golf-course superlatives across the country.

11. PINEHURST GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB, Pinehurst, North Carolina. *Donald Ross, 1901-15.* Pinehurst was America's first mid-century golf course, but No. 2 was not designed as an elite house. Its generous greens and tightly mowed chipping areas require more imagination than short-course play than any course before or since. Not even Ross built such a chipping area on other courses in his day, but many modern architects have imitated them on the basis of Pinehurst's success.

12. THE PINES GOLF & BEACH CLUB, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. *Robert Trent Jones, 1949.* The Pines was only the third golf course on the Grand Strand, and today there are more than a hundred, thanks largely to its success. The Cornell-educated Jones was the first architect to be schooled for the profession rather than jumping into it from another part of the golf business, and he drove the industry to new heights in the development rich years after the Second World War. Robert Trent Jones became a household name: "Give your course a signature," he advised, and soon no



Below: The classic view at Augusta National, looking due south. Right: Oakland's club house, 1925.

course could afford to be without one in the marketing-driven new world. The Pines' long par 5 thirteenth hole, a low meander around the shores of Lake Singleton, anchored in water hazards as a major component of golf design and, indeed, the "signature hole" in a marketing concept.

13. HAKE AND HEDDEN COUNTRY CLUB (SOUTH COURSE), Birmingham, Michigan. *Donald Ross, 1915.* A mid-century classic by Robert Trent Jones, 1915 Jones's redesign of the Detroit course was one of the most controversial moments in golf, making headlines when none of the professionals could break par—and Ben Hogan's first round 67 made both headlines. Jones's new course included tight, heavily bunkered fairways that punched the fairway 250 to 270 yards from the tee instead of the "easy bunkers" that had been the standard and were easily earned by the best players and greens that were designed with such distance "put placements" at the back and sides of each green.

14. HARBOR TOWN GOLF LINKS, Harbor View, South Carolina. *Pat, Dave and Jack Nicklaus, 1968.* Dave's tight, thoughtful design was a radical shift from the severe, one-handed yard chugging-chugging-chugging that was the norm. The second Heritage Tournament validated the design with a who's who of winners and pro Dye at the forefront of the business. Golfers would never look at a redwood tree the same way again.

15. METROPOLITAN CLUB (WEST COURSE), Dublin, Ohio. *Jack Nicklaus and Donald MacLeod, 1974.* The Golden Rule's answer to Bob Jones's Augusta National became a spin-off based into the world of full-course design for every Tour player to follow. But the perfect shot from an immaculate conditioning of the course that Jack built became the standard for the industry.

16. DRY CREEK COURSE, Ponte Vedra, Florida. *Pro Dye, 1980.* Built as the home course for the PGA Tour and the annual Tournament Players Championship, this controversial Dye design was universally criticized for its difficulty, but it attracted the golf course as a disaster. As a stage to test the skills and sheer heroism of the world's best players in front of huge galleries, the course has been a winning success, and its recent success from the marketing side led many architects and developers to imitate the ritual green seventeenth and the difficulty level that had made it controversial.

17. SHADOW CREEK, Las Vegas. *Tom Fazio and Steve Wynn, 1989.* The shadow of great land for golf in the desert Nevada desert was not a disaster to Wynn, who had already created a volcano and a tropical forest for his hotel there. He chose Fazio to prove that the hand of man could indeed produce a course to rival the world's best—as long as there was



enough money to spend on landscaping it convincingly. Thirty-seven million dollars later, so they say, Shadow Creek was indeed a North Carolina mountain course rising out of the desert and, like Pine Valley and Augusta, set a standard that everyone wanted to emulate but no one could afford to. The course exists in the age of million-dollar private playgrounds (see *Moss in His Boat*, page 36) that flourished the wealth of the end of the century and cemented Fazio's reputation as the designer of the "new" decade.

18. SAND HILLS GOLF FIELD, Midland, Nebraska. *Bill Coore and Ben Crenshaw, 1995.* The dual opposite of Shadow Creek, Sand Hills is laid out the most perfect clubhouse in America, with wind-eroded bunkers begun by nature and even natural green contours on several of the holes. In an age of lavish excess, as surprising success has been a timely reminder that great golf holes derive from interesting terrain, encouraging several young architects to meet on alternative "mountain" school of design. Perhaps most important, in low use of construction allowed it to be a massive design as a natural location, and it encouraged other developments in fair bang players, fields of dreams for golfers of the new century to seek out and enjoy. ■

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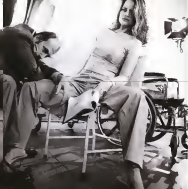
Television's boldest new series is called **WONDERLAND**, and Esquire's got the first look at its cast—the ones who aren't in straitjackets, anyway

Through the Looking Glass

Photographs by Steven Sebring

LEFT Ted Lerner plays Dr. Robert Singer, the lower-level dedicated department head. All clothing except white pants, by Giorgio Armani. Wool

shirt (\$1,425), cotton shirt (\$425), wool trousers (\$325), and leather loafers (\$295). Jodie Carter plays Heather Miles, the rookie resident. Her clothes by Emporio Armani. \$612.66. LEFT Michelle Forbes plays Dr. Lyra Gentry, who tries to balance her job with motherhood. \$16.00. Martin Donovan plays Dr. Neil Harrison, the buttoned-down professional. Wool suit (\$1,932), silk tie (\$151), and leather belt (\$225). Cotton and Lyrae shirt (\$145) by Giorgio Armani. In *Collection*, Levine (right) wears a cotton-and silk jacket (\$295) and capri trousers (\$275) by Giorgio Armani. In *Collection*, cotton shirt (\$425) and leather lace-ups (\$295)



DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT SAYING what a bad day you had at work today. Not to those people. Was there traffic on the way home? Did the PowerPoint presentation have a glitch? Sure it— it doesn't add up to much when compared with schizophrenia, mania, and criminal psychopathology, all of which take up the

average nine-to-five for the characters on the ABC drama *Wonderland*, which premieres March 30. Set in a fictitious New York mental facility named Riverview, *Wonderland* (which was created by former *Chicago Hope* star Peter Berg) offers up a straight-to-chair look at what goes on inside buildings we'd rather not visit and at the way the men and women who work there hold on to their own sanity, however tenuously, when surrounded by hallway after hallway of madness. Needless to say, such critical circumstances make far eyes glued-to-the-screen television watching, as well as a kind of guilty-escape: selfish. No matter how bad your day was, it probably wasn't as bad as theirs.



lightweight suits, heavyweight drama

All clothing: except where noted by Giorgio Armani. LEFT: Donovan (left) wears a wool suit (\$1,995), cotton shirt (\$275), leather tie ups (\$395), and leather belt (\$225). BRY DURL (right) plays Dr. Ade Matthews, the resident doc here. Cotton sweater (\$225) and silk sweater (\$395). linen trousers (\$245) by Ilsema Armani. BELOW LEFT: Lucie (left) wears a wool jacket (\$1,425), cotton shirt (\$425), and wool trousers (\$325). MICHAEL (in white Impf) plays Dr. Derrick Fletcher, the miracle worker of the emergency unit. Wool suit (\$1,995), pale sweater (\$365) and leather belt (\$225). BELOW: Donovan wears a wool suit (\$1,995), silk tie (\$715), and leather lace ups (\$395). cotton and lace shirt (\$185) by Giorgio Armani in Collezioni. For more information see page 167. Hair by Richard Wright for Aveda; by Timothy Pineda. Makeup by Lynn Russell for L'Oréal NYC.



The Era of Big Gov- ernment Is Over And Mar- cus Stephens Is Dead

A TRUE CHRONICLE
OF WASTE, FRAUD, AND ABUSE
By Charles P. Pierce
ILLUSTRATION BY AMY GUY



OUR LIVES ARE PLANETARY NOW. SMALL WORLDS AND GREAT ONES, sharing together and whatnot apart, great bodies pulsing at the smaller ones' orbit their orbits until converge and the smaller worlds pay a dear price. That's what we have now—Kapler's republic, where Madison's rules lead to Newton's laws—and that's where our stories are formed and shaped to be told to us.

It's on one of those smaller worlds that Marcus Stephens died, on December 4, 1997. He was thirteen years old and he lived in us and the drama and his grandparents. He lived all his life in New Albany, Mississippi, a cultural old railroad town tucked into the Hurricane Belt. William Faulkner—who wrote that in the South, the past not only lives but is everywhere in New Albany. At the local library, in light and chatter of an autumn's morning, the next young volunteer lady says that she doesn't know where Broadwood Avenue is, and the past is suddenly there, pale but plain, like the faded writing on a worn letter to depict war.

Bill Clinton, Bob Woodward, and Chris Wallace did not kill the thirteen-year-old boy—his heart did that. But together, they helped make his death more painful than it had to be.

"I think that's down in the colored part of town," the race-averse volunteer lady explains. "He'd be going down there much."

Marcus Stephens lived most of his short life on Broadwood Avenue. He was born with a reconstructed heart, the wrong arteries and veins twisted and out of the wrong outlets and ventricles. "Transposition of the major vessels" is what they call it. His heart gradually wore itself out. Marcus weakened in his heart did. He lived his entire life as a modicum and borrowed time.

His family struggled. They scraped together gas money so that Marcus could make it to as many of his doctor's appointments as they could afford for him to make. They worked as hard as they could. They lived within their means. One day, when Marcus was eight years old, a social worker told his grandparents about a federal program that might make their lives easier. At the very least, it would pay for the gas money.

For five years, Marcus Stephens got a check from the United States government for the amount of \$486. The check helped his grandparents defray the expenses involved in caring for the severely ill child. These expenses included gasoline, food, and the price of a cheap hotel room near the hospital where Marcus lay dying. It was through these checks—which came as part of the Supplemental Security Income program—that the love world of Marcus Stephens felt the unceasing pull of a larger world, a world of desperate people and his relief. This world existed itself on the world of Marcus Stephens—banging through its parts, wrapping its dim and irregular orb—and never felt the slightest tug or return. One day, important people had some big news. One day, the checks stopped.

Later, after the checks had stopped, Marcus was up at the hospital in Memphis again. He could hardly breathe. His heart was breaking down. His was waiting to be mended. He wanted his grandfather. Two hours away in New Albany, his grandfather powered his boat for the gas money.

Then the larger world whirled away in its orbit and was gone. So was Marcus Stephens, buried out in Cantonville. Elder Finley Finley put Marcus in the new cemetery set by the United House of Prayer, the place where Marcus used to love to hang on the drums and sing "Long As I Got King Jesus" with the enthusiastically sanctified ladies of the congregation. Marcus was

the fifth person buried in the graveyard. Sometimes, it took Elder Finley looks over the top cemetery and off toward the dorming hills. It's a small place. Concrete floor is, unimproved, not even a real place on a map, smaller even than New Albany. The bigger thing around in the final mile. You can't even see the lights of a city from there.

THIS IS HOW THE LARGER WORLD WORKS ACCORDING TO THE LATE economist Robert L. Kuttner. "Biggest any group in the shape of public choice. Tangle conservative politicians and media allies to influence them as choice. Make sure that a consensus flow of actions, occurs in a group, reminds the respectable that they are dollars support lay or material losses upon the body politic."

It's a harsh place, this larger world, and God, what creators here there! A place of shadow, poppers, and urban legends, of white queens and the coming poor, getting over on the rest of us.

Twenty years ago, an old man emerged from the deep forest, and "We'd take him," said a woman behind a wooden wall of stamps. Another woman who missed her husband's freedom and had to be because she'd moved to Hawaii on vacation. "We'd take him," said a shadow through the overgrown grass of a property? Did it matter whether they were not, as long as we came to believe that? "He is the first modern president," a scholar once said of Ronald Reagan, "whose contempt for the facts is second to no chairman of the board."

Perhaps. However, in the Supreme Court, the past—at, more accurately, the superimposed—will be with its always, but who they are and what they represent changes with every generation. They are a burden and then an obligation, and then a burden and an obligation again. A Square Deal follows a Gilded Age, a Depression follows the Roaring Twenties, and a New Deal follows that. Clinton's great-grandfather, Benjamin, and the story of Marcus Stephens, a real person who died, follows the story of the welfare state, where nobody ever was quite able to find it's too easy to blame the old man, who, after all, was little more than a sick fiddler along old time.

He joined the way, though, and all of our leaders followed. Perception grew thicker, struggling along, and in their hanging spirit, the link and larger world came apart across the path of the little world of Marcus Stephens. In its moment, it grew more homeless, more relentless, more machine.

IN THE MARCUS HAD SEX AND HE CHIEF LIVING IN HIS DISAPPEARANCE in their heads home on Broadwood Avenue a least his entire life. Myrtle and Sammie Buddie took Marcus in when their daughter proved unable to care for him and because his father was someone around. Sammie drove a truck, lived in a small house in the South and short boys named Manning and Arkansas. He picked up extra cash playing guitar at some small clubs on the unpopulated outside of New Albany. Myrtle worked sewing uniforms at the Landis Company just outside town. They'd live thirty years earlier, where Sammie'd give Myrtle and her mother a ride home from the grocery store. "There she is," Sammie recalls. "A good-looking, water-eyed woman outside the market store. We been together ever since."

Ten days after he was born, Marcus had come under the care of Dr. Nancy Chize, a peppy Memphis pediatric cardiologist with a preschool for girls and a happy-go-lucky. Chize had little patience with people who tried to play nicely with various government benefits. Chize, a woman came to her with two forms. One was an application for disability benefits as a child of her son. The other was a permission slip that would allow the boy to play high school football. Chize gave the woman the full bellows of light data on the waiting room.

Chize diagnosed the problems with Marcus Stephens's heart. She also noticed that the newborn baby had already had his first stroke. In December 1983, Marcus had his first cardiac surgery.

"He was disabled," says Chize. "Of that, there is no doubt." It was too much for Lucinda Stephens, and the old Mrs. Marcus with her parents. He took it immediately to Sammie, and he grew up every day, paradoxically, both work and hypochondria. "Marcus was the kind of boy who, if he walked in here right now, you'd find

Marcus Stephens and his grandparents, Sammie, Buddie, 1990.

looked in five minutes," says Sammie Buddie. The two of them drove, all over New Albany on Sammie's pickup truck, Marcus propped up behind the wheel on his grandfather's lap.

Still, Sammie and Myrtle often found themselves unable to cope with the many ramifications of their grandson's condition. They didn't know the names of some of the medicines that they gave him in the middle of the night. His actual medical life was run by Medicaid—Nancy Chize found himself in constant battle with the Memphis Medical Affairs, which was notoriously slow to reimburse physicians—but the other expenses drained them. They went two years between appointments because they didn't have the money to get to Memphis to see Dr. Chize, who became frustrated, not least because Marcus had started bed-sores.

"This was a person with a wonderful joy to do it," Chize says. "He was a tough little kid that was—very affable, but usually ill. He could drink a glass of water and go into heart failure."

By 1990, Sammie and Myrtle Buddie were scraping by. They woke up at night to get Marcus his medicines, and they got to as many of his doctor's appointments as they could afford to. One day, when he was twelve, Marcus died. Marcus died, not far from Broadwood Avenue, out beyond the San Antonio Hills, nine very desperate people walked out from behind a purple curtain in Windy again, Ill., and the world of Marcus Stephens wobbled ever so slightly in its orbit.

MARCUS DID NOT DANCE IN THE REDDISH SUNLIGHT AND THE LOBBY is also with a half dozen different languages. Women whose children attacked the tattered leather armchairs then seem to be collapsing over themselves the way old men disappear into their clothes. The Community Legal Services, Inc., in Philadelphia is a newborn relic, its purposes as honored and worn as the stars that had up to its offices.

"The welfare America," says Jonathan Stein, the general counsel of the GLS, pressing toward the crowded lobby in the Supreme Court on behalf of a disabled boy named Brian Zebby. It involved the Supplemental Security Income program of the Social Security Administration. SSI had been developed in the 1970s as part of an effort to subsidize the nation's welfare system. The program involved cash payments, and it was developed to meet the auxiliary expenses incurred by families with disabled children.

"It was often meant to replace the income of a parent, usually a mother, who had to leave work to care for a disabled child,"

Stein explains.

However, the eligibility criteria for SSI were usually unrealistic. Benefits were paid only to families whose children were diagnosed with one of fifty seven specific physical or mental problems. Brian Zebby had a staggering array of birth defects that included congenital brain damage and muscular-dystrophy impairment. He'd been awarded SSI benefits when he was two years old on the grounds of mental retardation, but his benefits had been cut off two years later because he "no longer met or equaled the requirements" of the SSI program. In 1993, the Zebby family initiated a court action stating the loss of Brian's benefits, which indirectly stated that their case challenged the SSI criteria. In 1995, the Supreme Court decided



in Brian Zebby's favor. Benefits would now be awarded to any child who failed to exhibit "any appropriate" behavior as determined by two doctors, a teacher or supervisor, and an SSI caseworker. The case caused a review of all the children who'd been denied benefits over the previous decade.

Almost at the same time the Supreme Court was considering the case of Brian Zebby, the SSI criteria for mental disorders were revised to include conditions such as autism and Down's syndrome, as well as several behavioral problems. A child's functional ability became as important as the child's medical condition. In addition, Congress insisted that the Social Security Administration work harder to publicize the SSI program. Many doctors didn't even know that the program existed.

As a result of all this, between 1989 and 1994 the number of SSI recipients rose from three hundred thousand to more than four hundred thousand, and the cost of the program went from \$1.2 billion to \$4.5 billion.

Right in the middle of that SSI boom, on June 30, 1992, Myrtle Buddie filed out the feature-page form from the Social Security Administration on behalf of her grandson. CHIEF SUPPORTER STOPPED MANY MONTHS AGO, Myrtle scribbled at the top of page 12. BROTHER CAN TELL YOU MYSELF.

There was little question that Marcus qualified under the program's new criteria. Given the condition of his heart, he probably would've qualified under the old standards as well. But

These overwhelmingly inflated the Riddler's application. The family began receiving \$446 a month to help cover the care for their grandson. As far as the Riddlers were concerned, the money might as well be coming from the moon.

THE RIDDLER SPENT MUCH OF THE NIGHT ON NURSES' FILLING IN THE gaps where Medicaid left them. The nurses came on duty at night, because Marcus was hooked up to an IV machine that kept his medicine flowing, and someone had to be near him in case the machine's batteries ran down. The SSJ checks helped ease the burden of caring for Marcus. The court money could then be used to make sure that his bills got to be approximated, to help allow Dr. Chase to monitor his condition more closely. They could afford the small months that live lower Union Avenue in Memphis, near the Le Bonheur Children's Medical Center. The money allowed them to trip occasionally, on the way home

It had been half past noon since Stan had won the ruling in the Supreme Court. Since then, his office had become a sort of national advocacy center for SSJ recipients. As such, Stan had watched as the pretensions rose in SSJ recipients (and the concomitant rise in spending) began to drive the attention of ambitious politicians. The prevailing political message, which held that the public treasury was regularly looted by legions of crafty poor people, mandated that any program that gave aid to a family as SSJ had must be "fiddled"—as a program is always "fiddled"—with "waste, fraud, and abuse."

Always at their forefront, Stan thought. A common sense never went down. Never a single fraud and abuse.

Stan had watched the backlash build.

The only hope left was to find Marcus a new chest. Take mine, his grandfather, Sammie Riddle, told the doctor. Give mine to him. "They explained that that would be too complicated," Riddle remembers.

from Memphis, at a roadside restaurant. The SSJ money helped cushion the ride. Sammie took his back and had to travel.

By the time he was eight, for the first time in his life, and by the utterance standards of someone whose heart was wound around Marcus Stephen was thriving. He was a handful at school, but his teachers adored him, not least because he would bring them in his own way out to Elder Riddle's church in the woods.

Marcus loved church. It was where he first learned to paint the piano, and it was where he first learned to play the drums, which became his particular passion. He was fascinated by the ladies of the church, especially Big Martha, who, someone by the spirit, transported and incanted and extolled off-temporarily to play, would deliver every Sunday by giving out a great shout in Jesus' name. Then, on Monday, Marcus would go to school, and he'd imagine Big Martha's raucous testimony for the benefit of his classmates, his classmates, and anyone who'd listen.

"With any of the other kids, you'd be on them in a second," recalls Patsy Livingston, his special education teacher. "But, you'd have to wait yourself for a second because you'd be thinking, God, that's fancy."

Still, his stomach hurt him all the time, and he was always tired. He'd watch other children running through his neighborhood, and he would ask his grandparents what was wrong with him. "Sometimes," says Myrtle Riddle, "he had the mind of a much younger child."

About a year later, however, the larger world came by again, full of jitters from the damage and politicians on the make, chasing one another (even the old, familiar truth—bigs and blunders—mindlessly eternal—and the smaller world of Marcus Stephen was pulled toward it, buffeted by uncertain forces, and all about Marcus Stephen was dead.

WHAT HE HAD THOUGHT JOHANNAS STON IN ONE WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN WAS JOHANNAS, too.

He was on the telephone with Bob Woodward, the biggest foot in American print journalism. With a colleague, Wood was preparing a story for the February 4, 1994, edition of The Washington Post that would examine the rise in SSJ spending since the Zeddy decision.

great deal of money in the bank. "First," Flanagan later told Patsy Livingston, "I thought he was a prostitute, an addict, a drug user." Later, Flanagan said, he discovered that his money was coming from the SSJ program. In Flanagan, anyway, the woman's children didn't seem divided in any way. He suspected that the program had somehow gone wrong, but he couldn't get any of his colleagues on the state legislature interested.

Interested, Flanagan pressed along his inquiries to Jerry Dean, a reporter at the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette. Flanagan mentioned that a giant number of healthy children were receiving SSJ benefits and that some teachers were coaching their children to sit up in school so that they'd count as quickly as disabled.

The reporter added a helpful nug to the story. He called the payments "crummy checks."

As the primary documentary source for his claims, the newspaper carried a study of the SSJ program done just prior at Arkansas State University in which, of 111 educators and guidance counselors in northeast Arkansas, only 9 percent believed the program was being abused in any way.

In reality, that "study" was simply a classroom exercise, an exercise in network assignment given by a professor named John Stein, who watched, amazed, as his students' work on a life and purpose of his own. Over the next two years, in the SSJ program case under attack, Stein's study would be cited by news organizations from ABC News to The Boston Globe to The Wall Street Journal.

"We had no bad data, just perceptions, and those from a small portion of a small area," says Stein, who works today in the University of Texas at El Paso. "Once the politicians got a hold of it, they used it in ways for which it was never intended, and for me it was called me. It made me more than a small part of a politician."

Nonetheless, the Arkansas State study proved useful to those people who wished to put an academic gloss on an ideological crusade. The SSJ program flourished over the national radio screen. The stories from the Arkansas paper were picked up on the wires. Flanagan began speaking on radio talk shows at several states. Elsewhere, a Louisiana congressman named Jim McCrory heard from one constituent that the constituent's wife, a schoolteacher, "suspected" that people were working the system. McCrory began to inquire on the issue among his congressional colleagues.

However, the actual evidence for systemic fraud in the SSJ was a conspicuously fragile amalgam of reputation and anecdote, held together by the increasingly wrong presumption that any large social entitlement program must be rife with abuse. And in Washington and elsewhere, that presumption was rapidly hardening into such a deeply held faith that even a Democratic president, ultimately would lose out in telling the nation that the cost of big government was over.

And then, in Pennsylvania, there appeared a woman who claimed to know the goods.

"THE STORY MAY BE TRUE, I JUST DON'T THINK I WANT TO BE A PART OF THIS STORY," the woman says. "I'm really not interested in talking about this." But once, she had been. Once, she couldn't get enough people to listen to her.

Nancy Cooke Porter was a pediatrician and a lawyer. She worked in the Pennsylvania House of Disability Determination in Harrisburg and was appointed by the governor to sit on the number 5 SSJ recipients that she had to monitor. She told people that kids were getting checks for fighting in class. According to women familiar with her work, she was loud and persistent in her claims that families were cheating the SSJ system, that waste, fraud, and abuse were widespread. She thought most of the kids were gang kids. People were buying Mercedes-Benzes with SSJ checks.

She established her own standards for eligibility, which she fought for, often against the other people in the office. She

In his story, Bob Woodward (left) gives Nancy Cooke Porter (right) an interview about the SSJ. Porter is a pediatrician and a lawyer. She worked in the Pennsylvania House of Disability Determination in Harrisburg and was appointed by the governor to sit on the number 5 SSJ recipients that she had to monitor.

could spot the fakes. She wrangled ceaselessly with her superiors, so much so that in January 1994, Porter was suspended from her job.

She left shortly thereafter, under an agreement by which either she or her former colleagues would talk about her departure. Before she left, however, Porter contacted Bob Woodward, outlining her concerns, which he now knows that Porter came to be on the telephone with him. Stein suspected that Woodward was ready to cut Nancy Cooke Porter as an embedded white-blower and suggested that Woodward might want to check with her superiors in Harrisburg to make sure that she wasn't bringing his name on the other crash.

"He hated me," Stein recalls. "How come you're telling me this so late? My reply was that I'd just learned that they were going to use her and that I thought she should know. He just brushed me off, told me it was too late."

Woodward declined to comment on this phone conversation. "How long have you been in the business?" he asked me when contacted for this article. "Can you remember everything about a story you did five years ago?"

The Post story—a topical of investigative trial and policy work—was published on the front page on February 4, 1994. Nancy Cooke Porter's photo ran with it. She was in fact an honest, burlesque failed by almost four people and currently unemployed. She'd been in the first two paragraphs as wrong, at her desk in Harrisburg, turning in "fraudulent" through "cases of the thousands" of SSJ applications she'd had to handle. The story's second paragraph says:

"The files show, she says, that children who cheat teachers, fight with classmates, perform poorly in school, or display char-

acteristics of teenage rebellion are often diagnosed with behavior disorders and therefore qualify for the SSJ program's cash benefits."

The story never explains what that means "the case" is doing in the middle of the sentence. Moreover, despite the vivid characterization of Porter in the lead, she is scarcely quoted, not in three any indication that many of her colleagues considered her to be based against the program, nor in there a single specific example of fraud cited from those thousands of files through which she was flipping in frustration.

Subsequent to the story in the Post, Porter said in other interviews that the SSJ program was riddled with fraud, that his efforts to root it out had been ignored from above, and that "I don't want to be a part of this story." Porter was quoted, "Again, she described the examples of any of this."

When contacted for this story, Porter wouldn't comment on her peers, and neither would Woodward, although several years ago, he did tell James Ledbetter in The Village Voice that he had examples to back up Porter's claims but that he had held



them back due to "privacy problems." Ledbetter asked Woodward why he didn't just use the files pseudonymously. (Woodward, after all, has managed to keep the biggest secrets in the history of American journalism for almost thirty years.) Woodward told Ledbetter that he didn't want to get "bogged down in details."

"As a result, there were some privacy concerns," Woodward explained when contacted for this story. "I'd like to go back over my notes, but I can tell you that the story was very carefully reported."

Indeed, after Porter leaves ceaselessly, the rest of the Post's story is a pale shadow of the growth in SSJ spending since the Zeddy decision. But the story long to Porter the credibility of an embedded white-blower and the backlash against the SSJ program accelerated. On the day it appeared, two Wisconsin Democrats—Senators Herb Kohl and Representative Gerald Kleckh—called it in a "Dear Colleagues" letter that demanded an examination of the SSJ program. As a news reporter, New York's Joseph Grifone wrote a story about the program that cited both Porter and the Arkansas State study, a particularly dubious source. On October 15, with the congressional elections approaching fast, ABC's *60 Minutes* aired an examination of the SSJ program. Whereas Stan had found Woodard's work disappointing, he found ABC's appalling. The segment was called "Crummy Checks."

It featured correspondent Chris Wallace repeating word

Arkansas, grilling witnesses families about benefits they hastily understood. "Are they and you can get a check of more than \$400 a month from the government," said Wallace. The Arkansas State study was ended, its data once again dismissed, well beyond any claim its authors had ever made for it. (Neither Wallace nor *Prozac* Live Under Duress Stayer nor any ABC News spokesperson replied to phone messages or to registered letters asking for comment on this story.)

And up arose Nori Cooke Porter again, to claim—yet those offering any support—that fewer than 30 percent of the children receiving SSI benefits really deserved them, which meant that more than six hundred thousand children were cheating, a wildly irresponsible estimate that Wallace did not see fit to challenge. Instead, he said his estimate, "If Porter's numbers are any where near accurate, then SSI... has become a massive, ten-penny-handled scam."

Just this story looked deeply into this "If"—a weekly word beginning a duplicitous sentence that was steadily on its way to becoming a dishonest paragraph. We saw the future in that single



word. He saw it almost in an agreeable, busy and ordinary, an accuracy before the fact.

MARCUS WAS ELEVEN NOW AND HE WAS HEARING INTO MIDDLE SCHOOL. Fanny Livingston and Judy Brown, another teacher, loved him, even though he was about a lot. He often left halfway through the school day, going home to sleep through most of the afternoon and evening, on his grandparents' couch. They told the other students that Marcus was very sick but that the doctors were doing all they could. A couple of times, they put on little handkerchiefs to help his family. They called them Dollars-for-Marcus Days.

One night, when Marcus was in the hospital in Memphis, Myrtle Riddle stayed up there with him while So came down home. By the time So came back to New Albany, Marcus's condition had grown worse. It looked as though he might not last the night, and he was calling for his grandfather. So came had a suddenly no waves. The SSI money had gone to lunch and food. There was no gas in the car. He began to eat the house's part, looking for any money he might've forgotten, but also because he felt like having something apart, and the house was hardy.

Just this, Judy Brown called. The teachers had notes up a coal bucket that day, and they'd raised \$235, and did So come away her to bring it over? No, ma'am, So come said. I'll pick it up.

And so he did, and he used it to drive to Memphis to be with his grandson, and he did not do that night.

BY MARCH 1990 THREE MAJOR STUDIES HAD CONCLUDED THAT THE primary problems with the SSI program consisted of an over-worked bureaucracy and inaccuracies in the evaluation of applicants, both of which had their roots in the expansion of the program after the Zieby decision. The most thorough of these studies—a report by the General Accounting Office—concluded that by 1994, two out of every three applications for the SSI program were being denied. Its list, eight hundred thousand children had been turned away from the program since 1990. There was little evidence of widespread fraud, the report read. Another study—this one for the House Ways and Means Committee and prompted by a hearing at which the principal evidence was a tape of the *Prozac* Live piece and a sheet of critical newspaper clippings—concluded that most of the anecdotes involving fraudulent claims were of claims that, upon investigation, had been denied anyway. In short, these studies concluded that the theoretical basis for the assault on the SSI program was wrong and that the theoretical basis for the assault was fictional.

But legends persist. Responding to the GAO report, Congressman McCrory, who'd bought the legend whole and right from the start, took to the floor of the newly Republican House, waving a copy of the report. "The GAO report says you can't fix it," he yelled. McCrory, which is certainly not true.

Over the next years, more studies debunked the notion of general fraud in the program, the notion of parents "coaching" their children, and the myth of the "crisis clinics." The inspector general of the Department of Health and Human Services,

Wallace Stephens, 1992.

the Disability Policy Panel of the Congress, and an investigation by the Social Security Administration all advocated fine-tuning the SSI program but discovered little evidence of fraud and abuse and no evidence at all of successful parents "coaching."

Reporters—born when Alexander Cockburn in *The Nation* to Christopher George in the conservative *Forbes* *Media* *Outlook*—were sharply critical of the journalists that had helped spur the attack on the SSI program. (According to George, one of ABC's primary on-camera sources, a physician, offered to sell him information concerning SSI fraud. George declined.) Even *The Washington Post* came to acknowledge that the SSI crisis "had begun mainly on the strength of anecdotal evidence" and cautioned Bill Clinton not to curtail the program too severely.

But the damage had been done. The uproar over the SSI program still clearly echoed throughout the larger world. As part of the welfare reform legislation that President Clinton signed on August 22, 1996, every child who had been enrolled in the SSI program under the expanded definition of disability since the Zieby decision had to be re-evaluated—380,000 of them in less than a year. Also, the Social Security Administration proposed a mass initiative out of eligibility standards for the SSI program.

The era of big government was over, and Dick Morris was again whispering secret cruelties into Clinton's ear. The president was re-elected, and three weeks later, on November 27, 1996, 260,000 children and their families were notified that they might lose their SSI benefits.

On April 14, 1997, a bipartisan group of moderate senators



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son Chase's letter. The letter cited a colloquy on the floor of the Senate two years earlier, during the hearing on the SSI program, between John Chafee of Rhode Island, Kent Conrad of North Dakota, and then-majority leader Robert Dole. In part, the letter read:

"Congress did not call for or intend for a radical overhaul of the program. . . . It was the intent of the Congress to remove from the SSI program children who are not only disabled. Just as importantly, it was the intent of the Congress that children with only disabling conditions—including those with one marked and one moderate condition—retain SSI coverage. . . . It is our fear that the level of disability the SSA is proposing to adopt will place children with disabilities at risk."

Chase repeated the occurrence in favor of the new standards that had been developed by the SSA. The nondraft flood of paperwork swamped the understaffed bureaucrats that had to

Chase's notification that Maroon was waiting for a heart transplant. Brenda Seidman had put it there more than a month before. Clearly, the review was no review at all.

"Under the new definition of disability for children," read the first sentence of the fourth paragraph of the letter, "he is no longer disabled as of 8/5/2/1997."

THE RULES WERE TRIED AND CONFUSED AND THERE WAS A SENTENCE in the letter that frightened them. It concerned their right of appeal. "If you lose the appeal," it said, "you might have to pay back some or all of this money."

"We took the letter as face value," Summe explains. "We thought that if we appealed it and we lost, we'd be liable for a whole lot of money. If the letter'd been a little clearer, we'd have known what to do." The Raddies did not appeal. The checks stopped.

"It's like the reporting that Bernstein and I did on Watergate," Woodward explained. "You could say it led to the independent-counsel law, but I don't think you can say we're responsible for it."

case with it. Some agree in others simply can children willy-nilly. In Mississippi alone, 76 percent of the children were cut off, as coding to the Social Security Administration.

On March 4, 1997, a letter was dispatched to Summe and Myrtle Riddle. The case of Maroon Stephens was being reevaluated.

MANY CHASE WAS RUNNING OUT OF OXYGEN. MARCUS'S HEART WAS BEATING rapidly. She'd sit with the Raddies at the beginning of March, and she told them that the only hope left was to find Mar as close as New Haven. The Raddies were frightened and confused, and Nancy Chase had seen this in other identity criminals. There was an almost religious reluctance to put a part of one person into the body of another. To Chase's relief, the Raddies agreed to let her look for a new heart to give their grandson.

Take time, Summe Riddle told Dr. Chase. Give me to him. "They explained that that would be too complicated," Summe remembers.

Chase put Maroon into the heart-transplant program. On April 15, 1997, she returned the Social Security Administration that Maroon Stephens was waiting for a heart transplant. A claim in answer to the Mississippi Social Security office named Brenda Seidman as person in Maroon's life.

"Dr. Chase has mentioned that they need to think about a heart transplant," she once read.

THE POSSIBILITY OF A TRANSPLANT BROUGHT THE RADDIES BACK TO Memphis even more often. "They saved Maroon a lot," says Myrtle Riddle. "Once, he had some problems that we sort of fixed, and you could see that, maybe, they were thinking, 'Why waste a heart on this?' Then he came back, and they put him right back there at the top of the list."

On May 27, 1997, the Raddies got another letter from the Social Security Administration. "Effective," the letter began, "we told you we were reviewing MARCUS L. STEPHENS's case to see if he is disabled under the new definition of disability for children. After reviewing all the information provided, we have decided that he no longer qualifies for Supplemental Security Income (SSI). As for the time the letter was mailed, Maroon was almost totally bedridden. In addition, in its files, the Social Security office had Dr.

Maroon stopped going to school at all. In August, he had surgery to repair the weakened left ventricle of his heart. It was a major surgery, and everyone knew it. The Raddies were going out of their own pockets now. One night, stuck in New Albany, Summe Riddle took her gun downtown and pointed it at gun money. "We'd spend my wife's whole paycheck just on this, for his bills," Summe says.

On another occasion, Summe called Elder Finley out at the church. Maroon had had another small stroke, and there was no way for Summe and Myrtle to get to Memphis. "We called him over here to pray for Maroon," Summe recalls, "but he brought twenty dollars with him, too."

ON NOVEMBER 4, 1997, THE SOCIAL SECURITY ADMINISTRATION REVIEWED the case of Maroon Stephens for the last time. That time, officials didn't tell anyone they were doing it. Again, they turned him down. Somehow, in their review of all the relevant documents, they again missed the one Brenda Seidman had put into the file in April, the one that said that Maroon Stephens—who now officially was not disabled—was waiting for a new heart.

A few days later, Maroon began huddling his grandmother. "He wanted me to put up the Christmas tree," she recalls. "I told him it was too early, but he kept at it. Then and his little sister, though, they went and got it out of storage. The lights and stuff was still on it. They put it out on the porch and lit it up." Within two weeks, Maroon Stephens was in Memphis for the last time.

Summe and Myrtle took to living in Memphis full-time, at the little motel on lower Union Avenue. At night, Maroon would fall asleep on Summe's chest. One day, he got up and rubbing empty, Summe drove back to New Albany to fetch his guitar so that he could play the chords song from The Beverly Hills Cop for Maroon, who wanted all the money in a song slow.

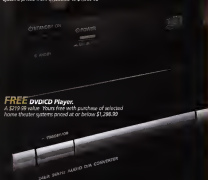
At noon on December 4, 1997, they came to take Maroon to surgery for a procedure to repair a leak in the line that brought the medicine to his heart. His change his grandfather. "Don't let them put me to sleep," he said. "I won't be able to wake up."

They wheeled Maroon down the hall and into surgery, and his voice still echoed in Summe's head. (Continued on page 164)

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What I've Learned Lou Reed

Musician, 58, New York City

INTERVIEWED BY SCOTT BARN

You know the expression "God protects fools and drunks"? I qualify for both. There are things I cannot even think of taking credit for. Pure luck, dumb luck. Literally, I didn't get in the car that moved two cups to the left. I could just as easily be in jail as be sitting here. I know that. A bad break—over and out. Luck.

Number of cups? No. Not for a second. If you do a measure long enough, you suddenly have a sense for it—it suddenly "yeps." I never thought of it that way myself.

There is no such thing as luck!—David. Once I was at the Carnegie and I said, "Can I have a few pointers?" He said, "No. There is no such thing."

I could be doing three or four albums a year. It's nothing to do one album, what do you do the rest of the time? I mean, it's not like it rains. It's always there, this racing around.

Everything's supposed to be great, but there's another thing floating through a lot of [my work]. All the way back to the Velvet—some of that stuff's really funny, I think, it's as ready as I think it can withstand being heard years later. Many, many years. Which is part of the idea. I'm proud of it.

It's depressing when you're self-aware and your albums are out of print.

I can't do anything. I want to. I mean, I can't have my own TV show. I can't have my own music. But within my little world, nobody reflects what to put on the albums.

I always hear music in my head.

People say, "Do you keep these riffs and ideas and everything?" Because then when you make a record, you could just go to the file cabinet? And I've always thought of doing something like that, but I don't. I just don't do it. I listen to these words floating by, and once in a while, one just says, it's very strange. I've learned not to even wonder about it anymore. Not that I give up. It's just, I don't understand it. I realize I don't understand it, and there you go.

You may be drawing a circle for the thousandth time, but maybe it's a slightly better circle.

It's appalling to me when there's a logic as to the solution comes up two years after [an album] was out, and I say, "Oh, now you tell me." With any kind of luck, you get another crack at the ball.

There's a lot of songs people don't even notice that are my favorites, and they might come under the umbrella of "accidental." Like "Somebody Grief" and "Blowing Your Mind"—I love that acoustic guitar at the beginning. It's one of the greatest things I ever did, and so are—well—just every recording.

I don't mind a repeat for a chorus. I'm not repeating words. I mean, it's the same amount of space. Why would you have only three demands if you can have six? Once you get that idea out of your head, then, if anything, the trouble is to not have any of 'em. That's where editing comes in, and mistakes. That's the real secret of everything—re-writing. I always rewrite.

The fact that I haven't read every play by Shakespeare is depressing.

You better make an effort at you do it.

What I really want more than anything else is to quit smoking. That's what I want. I've got a lot of things in my life, and this one's the worst. Maybe that's the last.

Have a good longer. Keep your hand on your roller. The two are under. I've played basketball all my life. I love it. I don't play any more as I used to 'cause of my knees—they don't like jumping up and down—but I love basketball. The Knicks—I have certain people, and sometimes they leave, have their tickets. And there I am one Spike, and Woody, but they don't put the camera on me.

Let's go with the girl that burning thing. We have to think about dunking the coach. Well, you know, you're a grown man, you're standing there screaming at ya... Every guy makes mistakes. I'd speak for myself. I could be in that position. It would take me one second, where I could be in contention like that.

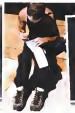
You're a musician. You play. That's what you do.



{Cuba, from Tip to Tail} Two guys, two bikes, two months, one robbery, and



eleven hundred miles of mountains, jungles, and white sand **{By Wil S. Hylton}**



Cuba, from Tip

I am lost. Or rather, we are lost. Mr. baddy Lou and I, two skinny yankies in the middle of Cuba, disoriented with nerve, doubted our own bicycling, gasping for breath, exhausted. It's hot and dark and hot and so dark. "We've come sixty miles today, logging two hundred pounds of equipment, and disperse our best efforts to stop on the main road, we walked up here, inside a field of sugarcane. Yes, inside it, behind it, wedged between cowfish-root stumps, which are over on filth a sausage, poisoning the navy city an narrow black streets." We happily get on our bikes and cycle out of here if only we know where "here" was, if only we knew which way was past.

I'm building our map under Lou's den headlamp, searching for a clue to our whereabouts, when I hear a sound in the distance. A low, rumbling sound. Lou and I exchange relieved glances as we wait, listening to the noise approach, then a young couple in cotton pants and boots emerges from the night.

He shouts, "What's the problem?" he asks, reaching.
"Lost," I say. "We're trying to get to Jersey Grande."
He shrugs. "I'm going that way. You can follow me."
We pedal behind him, and after a few miles, he stops at an intersection. "I have to go straight. You should run a little," he announces, looking expectant. But just as he's reaching into one hip for a tin, his hand makes out, grabs another somewhere

from my handbag pouch. And that he's gone, disappeared into the night, leaving behind only a slight cotton sound, a whorped although that merely evaporates in the breeze. For a second, I'm dumb, not even sure what he stole. Then I realize it was just a plastic baggie. But it happened to be an important baggie. It was the baggie with my camera, my glasses, my dirtiest of tissues, my assistant, and almost all my money.

"What was that sound?" asks Lou, straining her eyes in the darkness.

"He took my shot," I remember, dumbfounded.
"What shot?"

"Everything!"

Lu's quiet for a minute, then straps on his helmet. "Let's go after him." We mount our bikes and take off as fast as we can, but it's sooper with darkness and we're fatigued, and after only a few minutes, our pace falters. It's hopeless. We'll never find him. Not here. Not now. So we just cycle along slowly, hoping we'll come upon a town. Darkness whisks by, with no hint, significance in the busy recesses of my imagination, I picture the guy's shirt-imagery as he opens my bag and discovers \$4,000 cash, a U.S. passport, a New York driver's license, and a gulet-sized digital video camera. He's probably wondering when the next light-bulb goes for Miami, Me. I can't even think about America. With no

money and no passport—to identify just what women will soon be using home machine guns.

It seemed like a good idea at the time. Really, it did. *Boysen* arrived Cuba, Spanish to . . . dramatic. So uncomfortable. So easily. And we were pretty sure that nobody had done it before. Not all of it, anyway. Not from up to and, not every week. Instead of each.

After all, the western end of the island is a million years old. You need special permission just to enter. Even with permission, you'd have a hard time finding five miles over those seas. After that, there are eleven hundred miles to go, through rain-forested mountains, across dry savannas, and winding dirt roads and chestnut-lined highways, knocking on doors for shelter, trading pens and hobs for food, and filling your water bottles from many public tanks. Cuba is bigger than Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, the Bahamas, and all the U.S. Virgin Islands combined—no small feat to circle. We doubted they would find even land.

Of course, like so many big ideas, ours matured gradually. It didn't just look into the details. Not overnight, and we're afraid it still isn't. It's important, whether it's how anything about bicycles. I haven't even owned a bike in more than a decade. I've estimated that he'll cycle about two hundred miles on his life. Neither of us could raise bikes, repair a derailing, or even change a tire. We were what you might call, in American terms, *city folk*. So we set about planning that route.

We decided to start at the western tip of the island, at the military zone, for a variety of questionable reasons. For one, we thought it would be nice if our route began on the left side of the map and progressed to the right, just like a sentence. For another, we knew that the western end was flat, whereas the eastern

and was monotonous, and we preferred to start with the flat part. Finally, we chose to start at the western tip because it's close to Havana, so if we ran into early trouble, it would be easier to make our way back there and find our hotel.

We estimated that the trip would take two full months, not because it would take that long to cycle across the island but because it would take us that long to create an eye for the island. We chose October and November, in order to remain home for Christmas with a son. Then we got two Stampersamps and considered us off on our way. We didn't bother to look at the precipitation maps or the temperature readings. We didn't bother to consult any experts. We simply cleared our calendars for those two months, and when the first week of October arrived, we packed our stuff into Liza's car and drove out to Toronto, where we caught a cabber to take us to Cuba.

Right in the middle of hurricane season

We're just getting comfortable, the waiter sits at a cluttered table in Maru in Gdansk, on the western tip of the island, when the hurricane strikes. It doesn't look like the way you'd expect anything, sometimes, rages with electricity. Instead, it looks nearly like a hard morning rain, and as we smile back at our own so prepared for the day's rain, we think it's time.

We're over on Gdansk. Yesterday, we drove off the island for the first time, and it was a relief. The weather was perfect, and the day we'd expected. I took a scenic walk when my bike hit the sandy patches, but it didn't matter because nobody was looking. We cruised along the southern shore, the nearly transparent water lapping at the white sand, and somehow we had the distance to see less than four hours. Then last night, the military guards and some of the hotel staff insisted on us at the outdoor beach bar, saying we'd made history, that nobody else

So today we're all going, taking our bikes in the rain, filling our water bottles from a public cistern, unannounced by the storm. But when quiet talk is around with the bank in the cloud cover, I want to worry. All around the bank, employees are making around frantically, reinforcing windows with masking tape. It occurs to me that this isn't probably a news for this odd behavior, so I ask them about, who handles the news for the people in the building as a hundred miles per hour. It's gonna be here soon.

When I tell him, he looks all most.

"What're you gonna do?" he asks.

"I am not a [?] person."

...and the ...



Cuba, from Tip



A YOUNG BOY IN MONTANA: A village just west of Havana



HOURS BEFORE REACHING THE lightbulbs, near Puerto Viejo

And sure enough, in half an hour, we're on the road, hydroplaning wildly over potholes, trying to break through the barrier car's wall. The shock wrapped into my rain jacket, which is swished so tightly over my backpack that I can barely move my arms. In the saddlebags attached to my wheels, I've put all my luggage wrapped in plastic, but I know that everything is going to be soaked. The plastic was supposed to protect my things from rain. But this isn't rain. This is hurricane.

Riding against a three-five-mile-per-hour head wind in a Seaphorn shirt, and it's no use trying to enjoy the landscape, no use trying to make out the contours of the horizon. All we can see are gray streaks of rising snowing down as night falls. It's five hours before we get to our destination.

Sandiego is all but invisible at night, a little bubble of candle-blink houses along the road, with about ten electric lights among them. Lou and I knock on doors, asking for a place to crash, and find an obdurate family with two spare bedrooms, which we rent for thirty-five dollars. We hang our clothes on the furnace to dry, then lie down to sleep. Outside, the wind is howling, the rain is hammering, and trees are falling down. It doesn't sound like a tropical.

Cuba, swimming, where we stumble into the living room, get our four-limbed legs of hold. He's on TV, telling reporters not to worry about the hurricane, that it's very calm. In October and everybody ought to know that. He looks old but acting in a military fashion. The manner with the reporters is very personal, very intimate, standing in a big crowd of them, leaning close to each questioner, so long as if they share a secret. The command is of Bill Clinton, the way he affects a nasal sort of warmth.

After breakfast, we hit the road. Against the head wind, we slowly pull out into the next town and then. Someone looks a lot like Seniors, except the electricity is out, so it's darker. We spot an old man standing on his porch, eyes in us and our squanders and our balloons. He looks in eyes, staring at us out of the rain, and we ask if he knows where we could spend the night. Sure, he says, hold on, he comes back with a young girl friend, who smiles under a white hat and shakes our hands. Firmly, saying, Welcome. [Photo]

The electricity is still out when we pull our bikes around to

Antonio's place, so we stand in the kitchen with his wife, Nineta, who's cooking beans and rice by candlelight. Nineta has her straight brown hair cut to her shoulders. She has high cheekbones and a furrowed brow, and she's given her good looks to their daughter, Angélica, a nine-year-old with deep black eyes and rose-colored hair.

When the lights finally come on, Antonio goes to a bath for Lou. First, he fills a bucket of water and drops a bundle of soap into it, with two of the soap pieces out over the side of the bucket. Then he sticks the two soap pieces into a wall socket, and the underwater bundle makes a loud popping sound, leaving and screaming. In about five minutes the water is scolding. As Lou warms up, I sit with Angélica, who talks me about her schoolwork. She's studying Cuban history, she says proudly. They're focusing on the early colored people, and she knows all the names of the early colored people, and she knows all the names of the early colored people, and she knows all the names of the early colored people.

"For what country?" I ask. "She knows, confused." "Do you know what country he was from?" I ask again. "Pumping her history, someone, she says, 'The United States!'"

Cuba has never belonged to the United States, but for more than two hundred years American politicians have been working to justify that. In 1763, after second president, John Adams, feared the idea of securing the island from Spain. In 1801, his successor, Thomas Jefferson, speculated that Cuba would be a "massive missing" addition to the union. And in 1823, our sixth president, John Quincy Adams, took the idea even further, comparing Cuba to a ripe apple that should be "severed" from the tree of Spain so that it could "fall to the ground" of the United States.

But the first American to make a physical grab for Cuba was Theodore Roosevelt. It was 1895, and Roosevelt was assistant secretary of the Navy, an up-and-coming power. He was with black-haired, anderson. Roosevelt was well aware that the Cuban people had spent three decades fighting for independence from Spain and that victory was almost there. Still, he decided to get involved, sending Cuban with no thought of violence, outnumbering the Spanish troops eight to one at San Juan Hill. In spite of the odds, Roosevelt and his Rough Riders

suffered twice the casualties of the Spaniards and barely won the battle. Nevertheless, that same year, Roosevelt—still riding high on the victory—was elected governor of New York and became president in 1901. (It is a testimony to his facility with public relations that American children are still taught to call the Cuban War of Independence the Spanish-American War.)

If Roosevelt was the first American to use Cuba in his personal hand-picked job, he certainly wasn't the last. Over the next four decades, prominent U.S. businessmen, from Dr. Post to Capote, exercised direct control of the island. They staffed a series of corrupt presidencies, who presided to foreign investors and helped turn the island into a tropical money club where tourists ruled and the third of the population that was black was forbidden, in some places, to walk on the beach. To ensure tranquility, the U.S. Army built a pair of bases, one on the southwestern coast, the other on the southeast.

By the 1930s, foreign investors controlled 90 percent of telephone and electric services, 80 percent of public railroads, and 70 percent of petroleum imports. Of course, most Cubans were not in it. Upman, let alone a Ben Franklin. A quarter of them were illiterate, and many, if not most, suffered from malnutrition. The infant mortality rate was astronomical, and by the late 1930s, things were coming to a head. Though hungry and barely armed, many Cubans were ready to revolt against the Havana establishment. What they couldn't predict was that they'd find their leader in the heart of the Havana hubbub, in a young,

WE BEHOLD THE SHEEP'S CAPTAIN, AND WE BE ON OUR WAY TO LAVA PARADISE, CLUTCHING THE RALES, TEARING THROUGH THE ARCHipelago. THERE ARE THE ISLANDS WHERE HEMINGWAY LIVED, THESE ONE-WAR LANDS, THIS BLEND OF TURK, GREEN, A NOVELTY-SEEKING BOYS.

anderson lawyer, an idealist in his late twenties willing to trade in the mud for as long as it took to rise to the top of power.

By the time Lou and I pulled into Havana, we can see just how different the capital is from the rest of the country. We've come two hundred miles in two weeks, landing our way across the Pinar del Rio province, a rambling landscape of tobacco and sugarcane, of low-slung mountains and rice-dragged paddies, where beachheads did not all the soil with corn and okra. When we reach the city, we see, shouting, "Cuba!"

Havana, by contrast, is another place, a modern metropolis, a place with hotels and fancy restaurants, with fresh-baked bread and doughnuts. We fly in and land, but three days of luxury and luxury, we begin to feel guilty, so we renege our bicycles and head out, back into the real Cuba, not the Cuba, the other forty-five thousand square miles.

It's a relief to be back on the bikes, and although we'll miss the soft mattresses and air conditioning, we're glad to be rid of the heat, the mosquitoes, who catch the scent of Old Havana telling everything. In fact, we're as happy to be away from them than we are to get down our gear. In the town of Matanzas, we invite people who want to go to look out before. In the town of Cardenas, we let a crowd of young men tell about our experience while we sit and laugh. And by the time we get to the town of Sagua Grande, we feel relaxed, even safe.

That's it happens. Nightfall, the sugar field. Two sleepy penguins lost in the middle of Cuba. That's when we got robbed. It

takes a full thirty minutes of cycling through night swam before we find a town. Another twenty minutes, and we're telling our story to three cops. One of them wears a uniform. A second wears a white sweat suit. The third wears green fatigues.

They walk us to the police station. The floor is littered with new pairs and cigarette butts. I'm put in a tiny office with three new pairs. Two of them glow in the while the third spins out a series of rapid-fire questions. Name and address? Married? Parents' names? It takes me time to get these strange questions to ask a solitary victim.

How did I get into Cuba? What time? How big was the airplane? How much did my ticket cost? Did the plane make any other stops? They take me for my address again. Again about the year of my ticket. Again about my parents. At last, I'm finished. I can't figure out where we're going with this. But when he asks my address for the third time, I know it. He isn't trying to help me; he's trying to trap me up. He thinks I'm lying. [Photo]

And as soon as I realize that I'm being tried by this cop, I can feel my heart rate quicken. It's 2:00 A.M. One of the phone cops is lying, saying. They say in Havana comes out to the room with a fifty-pound sack of oranges. In another room, Lou is answering the same questions. I realize that this isn't likely to be over soon.

It takes two hours to connect the cops that we're not again, but they're not done with us yet. They still have to translate our report on a manual typewriter, get a clerk out to draw a

picture of the thief, and send out an alert to the Cuban National Police detailing our description of the suspect. By the time they're done, it's morning. Outside, roosters are bleating from their coops. Inside, Lou and I are exploding with exhaustion.

At 9:00 A.M., they show us into an unpleasant, unpolished patrol car, which sports red stars and stripes of goodness in it handles our pictures, leading back to the scene of the crime. It's at the corner of about thirty sidewalks, mostly out of sight. They stand in the middle of the sugar field, wearing a small themselves, wearing their hands behind, trying to guess where the thief might have gone. Lou and I fall asleep in the car.

In addition, they take us to another precinct for a lineup. Along the way, we are assured that the whole thing will be anonymous, that we'll be looking through a one-way window. When we get there, two fat guys take us to the "one-way" window, which is actually just a square hole in the wall covered by a curtain blind. There's no wind response, and in seven or ten we're lined up the suspects, they fly open the blinds, leaving me and Lou face-to-face with eight guys who come across as dead as we can see them. None of them looks remotely like the thief—four are young, light-skinned, clean-shaven, muscular, and fairly short. We're looking at all guys with dark skin, slanty old faces, even one guy with a full green goatee.

After explaining that to the cops, they finally give us up and take us to a private home where we can spend the night. It's about 5:00 now. We huddle in our room, trying to figure out what to do. Two things seem clear:

to Tail

Cuba, from Tip



U.S. ARMY TANK CAPTURED BY THE CUBANS AT PLAYA GARCIA



NEAR PUNTA HUEL, WAITING FOR A BUS BACK TO HAVANA

1) The police have no idea what they're doing. 2) We're waiting our turn. 3) We also drive faster than quickly, but we aren't sure where to go. We know that we'll have to go back to Havana if we want to get more money. But we also know that if we can't get our money, we'll have to go home. After three weeks and three hundred miles, we're not ready to give up just yet. There are two things we want to see: the crowded, forested Zapata National Park and the Bay of Pigs. Then we'll talk about going up.

Fidel Castro never gave up. In 1952, he made a bad bet for all his, but a military coup cost him the election. The next month he took up arms, leading a group of 130 revolutionaries in an attack on a military garrison. They lost spectacularly, and most of the survivors, including Castro, were deported to Mexico.

Unlucky, Castro began preparing for another round. In Mexico, he and his men recruited a young Argentinean radical named Ernesto "Che" Guevara, brought a big long forty-foot yacht, and, with some difficulty, returned back to Cuba in December 1955. They landed on the rocky southwestern shore [P] and headed into the Sierra Maestra Mountains. There, they set up an elaborate camp, with medical facilities, a dining hall, and a radio cover, from which they broadcast political dispatches across the island. In those heady days, Castro promised to build new roads, to provide free health care and education, even to bring electricity to the countryside. And fourteen months later, when Castro's rebels rallied out of the mountains, they were joined in the streets by tens of thousands of peasants. By the time this makeshift army arrived in Havana, it was so great in number that the dictator, Fulgencio Batista, fled.

Once in power, Castro began making good on his promises, building roads and electrical lines, schools and hospitals. To pay for these projects, he seized all the country's large farms and factories. To him, it seemed fair enough, taking from the rich and giving to the poor. To the owners of large businesses, however, it seemed like theft. These people were mostly American businessmen and the Cuban upper class. Some won no prize when wealthy Cubans began fleeing in droves; one was a surprise when the U.S. government took pity on him, covering the largest financial aid program since the GI Bill, offering

low-interest home loans, credit distributions, and job-training programs. And, on the flip, the refugees were also eligible for a special CIA project, a plan to overthrow Castro.

Determined to reclaim their position in Cuba, hundreds of Cuban exiles signed up for that mission. They were flown to CIA bases in Guatemala and Nicaragua for training, and on April 17, 1961, they landed at the Bay of Pigs, a desolate swamp on the south-central coast of Cuba. Their plan was to take the beach, build a fleet, and advance north to Havana.

But the CIA had made one mistake: It had underestimated its opponents, or more specifically, had underestimated them. By April 1961, Castro had given every citizen the right to his home and every poor farmer a patch of land to keep. He had closed the universities and sent education over the countryside to eradicate illiteracy. Hospitals no longer charged for their services, and many food products were free. So when Castro made the call on April 17 for the Cuban people to defend their government at the Bay of Pigs, tens of thousands of young men and women flooded the beach, and in twenty-one hours, the battle was over. Almost twelve hundred invaders, all Cuban exiles, were captured, then handed to the U.S. government for \$13 million in food and medicine. It would be the last invasion between the U.S. government and Cuba.

To Americans, the Bay of Pigs is a battle. To Cubans, it's *la Batalla de Cochinito* or *the Pig*. And the Bay of Pigs was a place, not a battle, on three sides by a marshland known as Zapata National Park. By the time Lora and I arrive, we're more than ready for the swirling expanse of reeds and water, and we spend a full day in the company of a bald, bushy pink employee named Francisco, who has set out in a thirty-year, rusty-green *canoa* (hunting boat) and pointing out dozens of species of birds—flamingos, herons, ibis, wrens, and the smallest bird in the world, the bee hummingbird, which hovers above a quince and isn't holding one way or yet. Francisco flashes delicate smiles, pauses at a watchtower, swirls the air, and points north. And at the end of the day, we're home on the beach in the clearing area of a crocodile farm, where we sit up bare, surrounded by reptiles looking at the walls of their cages. [P]

The next morning, Lora and I walk further south, to Playa Grises, the landing zone of the Bay of Pigs invasion. As we pass

through town, a tiny middle-aged woman with cropped hair and dark, glittering eyes sits beside us on a blue Chinese bicycle, riding if we need a place to stay. When we say no, she offers a room in her home, and we accept, following her to a colorful one-story apartment building, then tagging out bikes up three long flights of stairs. [P]

Her name is Mariana and her apartment is on stairs of blue blue walls, a yellow tablecloth, pink bedclothes. There's a photo of Che Guevara on one wall and a collection of glass figurines on a small wooden bureau. We're surprised to find a hot shower in the bathroom, and we look back, changing our old clothes every day.

With some cooking, Mariana sits with us for dinner, but she doesn't eat, saying she's not hungry. She notices that I'm sweating from a slight cold and offers me medicine, a difficult thing to obtain in Cuba. I accept, and she looks pleased, and somehow, as the evening progresses, we open up to her, tell our story, how we've been robbed and have very little money, how we must return to Havana to see if we can get more. Mariana seems to say that crime is very uncommon in Cuba. She apologizes in the name of all Cuban people, saying it's terrible when one person makes the whole country look bad. She tells us that Cuba is a wonderful place and that she hopes we don't get a bad impression, that she has a friend who has done it in Havana, that she can keep our things at her house, can do our laundry for free, can parcel our

Notes: Internet Section, a division of the Cuban embassy where a few American diplomats hang out, much to the chagrin of Castro, who mutually accuses them of espionage. When I meet with them, they look less like spies than a couple of regular American barbecue kings, sporting button-down short-sleeved and well-worn khakis. Without hesitations, they accept a hearty computer portrait of my passport, which, thank God, I had on disk. Getting it off the disk was another adventure, but two days later, I've got a new passport that says I'm [P]

I also ask the guys about money, and they tell me to have a friend wire me money to the Department of State in Washington, D.C., then it'll be wired down to Havana. Hurrying back to my hotel, I call my sister, heart pounding.

With a sigh, he agrees. The money is coming. Now all we have to do is survive while it processes. It takes a week. We get by on the kindness of strangers, begging at times. A family takes us in, feeds us, and allows us to spend those nights in their home without [P]

By the time the money arrives, I'm sick and tired. We've been in the country for more than five weeks, have cycled over four hundred miles, and during that time, we've taken no more than four hot showers, eaten approximately seven deersome meals. I'm ready to give up, go home, leave the kids with Mariana, and never come back. But I can't. We can't. We

IN THE SIERRA MAESTRA MOUNTAINS, WE SCRUB OUR LAUNDRY IN THE RIO YUMA AND SET OUT TO EXPLORE THE NATIONAL PARK. BUT GUARDS TURN US AWAY, SAYING THE PARK IS CLOSED. LOCALS WHISPER THAT THE HILLS ARE FRESH WITH ANTI-CASTRO GUEB JELLY.

believe, and that we can pay for our room and board while we rest with more money. We're stunned. This poor, single woman offering to help a pair of Americans—here, of all places, in the Bay of Pigs.

When Mariana's friend arrives the same day in his 1957 Chevy, we kiss our hostess on both cheeks, then make the drive back to Havana in less than two hours.

Once in the city, I suddenly feel alone, worried. We have less than \$300. We can't eat American credit cards, because they aren't accepted by Cuban banks. We can't withdraw money from our accounts. We can't even check. Nothing. The Women's Union office will make transfers only to Cuban citizens, and even then there's a maximum of \$300.

On three hundred blocks, I could probably make it a month in my Guatemala. But in Cuba, far chance. The Cuban room only doesn't adhere to market principles, you pay whatever the Cuban government feels like charging, which is usually more than you'd like to pay. As far as Castro is concerned, the main reason you're so allowed in the country is the first place is because you've put the cash to help save a flourishing economy. Knowing this, we figure we'll spend at least three grand to finish our trip, and even then it's coming at close. We climb into a hotel and spend a modest night, wondering whenucker will be willing to send us on such a trip.

Before we can focus on money, though, I've got to get a new passport. There's a little trick, since there's no American embassy in Cuba. Instead, I have to work through the United

States here to deliver it, and now, for the first time, I'm tired and exhausted, anxious and tired, with barely enough money to survive. I feel like we've finally found it.

Back at Mariana's place, our spirits brighten considerably, and not only because she's doing our laundry, has a hot shower, and prepares a nice soup plate of fried bananas with fresh fish, but also because she's such a cheerful soul, chatting excitedly about her work and saying that they called several dozens along our route who will be expecting us. In particular, she tells us to visit her friend Leonora, who lives in Cienfuegos, the next stop on our itinerary. So in the morning, Lora and I take off on Casa Lector.

It's one of our most tranquil adventures, cycling along dirt roads, skirting the southern shore on the leeward side of the island. While it's been several weeks since the hurricane, we pass countless houses with flooded yards, bridges from road to doorway with planks of wood. When we arrive in Cienfuegos, we're assigned to a place of modern city—art, artless, modern by Cuban standards.

Leonora's house turns out to be a sort of museum to visitors, decorated with the portraits of Marx, Mao, Che, and Lenin's husband, and her son, the younger years, wearing military fatigues. These days, sixty-year-old Armando is short and very, wearing a yellow school uniform as assigned by one of his young friends. Armando was in his teens when the revolution began, and he taught at the Bay [Continued on page 166]

Marcus Stephens

commented from page 132: afternoon long-mood. Nobody came out. Finally, at about five, the discovery told them that Mirou had come through the prison area but that he would have to stay in the intensive-care unit for a while. Sumner didn't believe that, especially when the small wooden boat began to filter into the meeting room, two at a time. Solidly, like diamonds, they surrounded Myrtle and Sumner Radcliffe, and they told them their grandson was alive.

"Let them just lie in so sleep for the night," Susan says. "It's the only time I let him down."

"I found the reporting that was accurate and I did on 'Whitegate,'" said Woodward, explaining what it took for him to tell his story and about Marvin Stephens, who was in the SM program and who died. "I guess you could say that it led to the independent-council test, but I don't think you can say we're responsible for it."

"It sounds like you're making a search here that I don't want to be part of." And he said goodbye, and hung up.

"I don't think I want to comment on any thing in that story," said Nina Carter Pottier when I mentioned the death of Marcus Stephens. And she said goodbye, and hung up.

Where does they all come from? Martin Saperstein shrugs. Some of them talked him convincingly into his heart about the fact, if they'll believe him, and if they'll know the details of his about 1½, they all certainly would've agreed that he was exactly the right and selfish for whom the SSJ program was specially designed. But they didn't know him and he didn't want to. He was an alienation, less religious than most of these other folks making up "gay chicks," whom he got to know only after he found, in the end, the brilliant and brilliant, who they not have any more or less in the larger world, where they associate in hand-crafting, it was Martin Saperstein's way.

For the record, on that late afternoon in early winter, on the day that Malcom Stephens died, Bob Woodward was still at the Washington Post and Gene Wilentz was still at ABC. Jim McGeary was still at Congress and Bill Clinton was still president of the United States. Professor John Sklar had moved on from Arkansas State and he was still waiting for reporters to call him about what his students had really found in their homework assignments concerning the Hill program at northeast Arkansas. Jonathan Stein was in his office in Philadelphia, trying to hold together the pieces of the anatomy research.

The Supplemental Security Income program still exists within the Social Security Administration. As a result of the 1994 welfare-reform act, 150,000 children were removed from it. There was almost no news coverage until stories began to surface of gravely handicapped children who mainly relied on the program. In the fall

of 1997, Congress got involved—Senator Kent Conrad of North Dakota was particularly tough on the issue—and the SIA reevaluated these cases, reversing its decision in about a third, or 33,000, of them.

Crane, president of SSA, were considered a part of some national obligation. Consequently, though the press became a benefactor in the 1940s and throughout the 1950s and continued today, applicants found a social responsibility—and occasionally an outright account—rather than they were attempting to work the system. The act of applying for a passport now benefits because genuine fraud evidence of trickery and fraud. The whole program serves of the urban legend of crane rhodes. Accurate rates of SSA applications have declined since the early 1970s, and they remain low. According to the latest figures from the Social Security Administration, from August 1986 through the end of last July, there were nearly 900,000 new applicants for the SSA program.

Of these, 150,000 were denied.

JUST SIX YEARS AFTER BARBICUS DIED, HIS grandparents had a few people over to Boulevard Avenue to talk about him. Elmer Henry Finley was there, proof of his new book club—was by the food table. Fanny Livingston and Judy Stearn were still teaching at the New Albany Middle School. Myrtle Riddle was still making uniforms out at the London plant. The large world had spun on, hoodlums and richlids. What was left was the little world of Marcus Stephens and a tiny corner from which you can see across the lights of the city.

They were all talking about the funeral that Elder Feunoy had preached for Marcos. "It was hot," Judy Ramos recalled. "There was music and dancing and cello beating. That was Marcos, all right." Myrtle broke down once, talking about the Christmas one, and her husband took her gently from the room.

Donna, the Ruffalo girl at the airport, a legal-services attorney who largely stayed away from the two reporters who were in the crowd in the way that she felt that the Ruffalo was not if she was publicly identified with the case in Minneapolis, the legal-services people got nervous if their names appeared in the public so they mostly withdrew from the case. Even so, she feared the Social Security Administration to ensure Monica's life, and there was the note from Dr. Chase and all the rest of the documents, and that had made the last days of Monica's life so brutally about, and the Ruffalos eventually got all the 350 money they would've required had he not been on the

"I'm not worried about me or Marcus," said Sammie Riddle as night enveloped Brookwood Avenue. "Because he always told me he'd think out for me with God. Marcus told me he'd think out for me with God. Marcus told me he'd think out for me with God."

Worst Generation

(continued from page 113) were military discipline and how their lives or their buddies' lives might depend on following orders from

But even makes a good point: Is it her size? Maybe the parents' Good Lord! Look, when we're talking about men and women who have reached middle age, you lose a half an oop, your fluids can't be blamed on Daddy anymore. Finally, every parent in history has wanted to see his child older than he is. And every adolescent wants to get laid. And over the first century since you could sit his head on dairy, every human being has experienced with methods of altering, consuming one. But only in the Western did parental indulgence and human caring erupt into such

ON THE LONG RUN, will it matter that one generation was so spectacularly selfish? Maybe not. In a great human story, the Whittier Generationists put out the wrong as other great men. Having taught the children of the Baby Boomers all and on for five years now, at the University of Texas and at Georgetown, I find them to be the opposite of everything I despise about their parents—they are engaged in their education, spending endless hours volunteering as blood donors for the poor as to feed the

tionless. They are concerned about their classmates, having colored down the F-words and replaced it with a sensible synonym so the feelings of others. They care about the future and are concerned about their grandparents. They are more responsible in their primary level and more engaged in our public life. Three minutes, whether it

Because of the Boomers or in spite of them.
And unlike me, who spent wretched and
vicious as the Boomers, their kids roll their
eyes and let out an ironic laugh. That's not
their thing. Their kids can't relate but not
proud. They're Eisenhower's children. And
they seem to understand that their parents
are growing older but not growing up.

Brooker has the difference pegged. "The
World War II generation did what was con-
sidered of them. But they never really did it."
It was part of the Code. There's no sense
selling something that's a guy in a booth,
game who does what's expected of him—
makes an open field tackle—then goes pro
and dances around. When Jerry Rawlins
drew the blackie that was the K. Jewel in '67,
he put a guy out walked off the field.

That kind of self-sufficiency against a whole

It's also in the farmer's eye. But when that day comes, when they finally walk off the field—or what's left of the field—a few of us who've been reading behind them will be doing a little dance of our own. ■

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